

T H E
Fashionable Tell-Tale ;
CONTAINING A GREAT VARIETY OF
CURIOUS AND INTERESTING
ANECDOTES
O F

EMPERORS,
KINGS,
QUEENS,
STATESMEN,
PRELATES,
DIVINES,

GENERALS,
ADMIRALS,
CAPTAINS,
PHYSICIANS,
POETS, and
PLAYERS.

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION,
TO DAVID GARRICK, Esq.
THE SECOND EDITION,
GREATLY IMPROVED AND ENLARGED.
V O L. I.

*Duplex libelli dos est; quod risum movet,
Et quod prudenti vitam consilio monet.*

PHÆDRUS.

Printed for R. Baldwin, in Paternoster-Row; J. Lewis,
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TO
DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

SIR,

YOUR having permitted me the honour of inscribing this book to you, and the very favourable opinion you was pleased to entertain of it, claims no less my acknowledgments, than it gratifies my ambition. I account it the more honourable as being an entire stranger to you, whom not knowing before,

"Argu'd myself unknown."

I confess, Sir, I have no other pretension to so distinguishing a patronage than the wish of contributing to the amusement of the public, who, I presume, will readily allow the strict propriety

priety of addressing a work of this sort to a gentleman whose studies have been so conversant with those repositories of literature from whence this compilation has been chiefly selected, nor, at the same time, perhaps, is there any person in the world whose conversation (so replete with lively wit, bon mots, and apt allusions) stands less in need of such an aid as this. It is a most sensible pleasure to me that I have this opportunity of professing myself one of your great admirers, and, in a particular manner,

S I R,

Your most obliged,

FEB. 2, 1778.

Humble Servant,

THE EDITOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE very flattering reception the first impression of this work met with from the public, has encouraged the editor to usher into the world a second edition, with such ample additions and emendations, as will, he hopes, render any apology unnecessary for its second appearance in print. Those readers who are fond of this species of reading, will here (he flatters himself) find a pleasing variety, that will greatly add to their amusement and risibility. The editor cannot lay down his pen, without expressing, in the most grateful terms, his acknowledgments to those subscribers who so liberally patronized the first edition.

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CURIOUS ANECDOTES.

WHEN the great duke of Marlborough visited the duke of Montague at Boughton, he, in high terms, commended the excellency of his water works, to which the latter, with great quickness, replied, 'But they are by no means comparable to your Grace's *fire-works*.'

Pen, the celebrated founder and legislator of the Colony of Pennsylvania, had both great and amiable qualities, and was no stranger to the essentials of good-breeding, though he was too stubborn to yield to the forms of it. He had, or effected to have, all the spirit of the Hat, which availed him much as the leader of a people

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ple who made it a part of their religion. We are credibly informed, that he sat with his hat on before Charles II. and the king, as a gentle rebuke for his ill manners, put off his own. Upon which Pen said to him, ' Friend Charles, why dost thou not keep on thy hat. ? The King answered, ' It is the custom of this place, that never above *one* person should be covered at a time.'

In Mr. Pennant's entertaining tour to Scotland, is this singular anecdote : ' I have heard here [at Linlithgow] of a letter from James VI. to borrow, from the Earl of Mar, a pair of silk stockings, to appear in before the English ambassador. Though I cannot authenticate these relations of the simplicity of the times, yet I have a curious letter from the same monarch, to borrow athousandmarks*, or 54l.† 3s. 4d.

* A Scotch mark is thirteen pence.

† A Scotch pound twenty pence.

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in the year 1589, being that of his wedding, telling the lender [John Boiswell, of Balmonto], ‘Ye will rather hurt your-
‘ self veiry far, than see the dishonour of
‘ you prince and native country with the
‘ povertie of baith set downe bore the face
‘ strangers.’

When the first duchess of Marlborough was desirous of having an account of her public conduct given to the world, Mr. Hooke, a Roman Catholic, in the mystic way, and compiler of the Roman History, was, by Mr. Pope and others, recommended to her Grace, as a proper person to draw up this account, under her inspection; and, by the assistance of the papers she communicated to him, he performed this work so much to her Grace’s satisfaction, that she talked of rewarding him largely, but would do nothing till Mr. Pope came to her, whose company she then sought all opportunities to procure, and was uneasy

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to be without it. He was, at that time, with some friends, whom he was unwilling to part with, a hundred miles distant. But at Mr. Hooke's earnest sollicitation, when Mr. Pope found his presence so essentially concerned his friend's interest and future support, he broke through all his engagements, and, in the depth of winter, and ill ways, flew to his assistance. On his coming, the duchess secured to Mr. Hooke five thousand pounds; and, by that means, attached him to her service; but, soon after, she took occasion, as was usual with her, to quarrel with him.

Her ev'ry turn by violence pursu'd,
Not more a *storm* her hate, than gratitude.

Thus Mr. Hooke represented the matter. The reason she gave of her sudden dislike of him, was, his attempt to pervert her to popery. This is not without probability: for he finding her Grace (as appears from the Account of her Conduct) without any religion,

religion, might think it an act of no common charity to give her his own.

In the reign of the good Queen Anne, the great earl of Peterborough, a man of tiny body, but of heroic soul, had the command of the English forces in Spain, in support of the house of Austria's claim to the Spanish dominion, and, to defeat Lewis the XIV's ambitious views of settling his grandson, on the throne of the Spanish monarchy. In this army were several natives of the three kingdoms, &c. subject to the British sceptre: among the subalterns the Scotch, being the more numerous, resolved to make a display thereof, by summoning all native Scots to dine together, at a place appointed for the celebration of their patron Saint Andrew, then near at hand. By a subsequent act of their national indulgence, it was also made known throughout the army, that the native Scots would admit to dine with them,

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on that occasion, all derived from, or who could produce any proofs of their having Scotch blood in their veins. An officer (remarkable for a droll disposition and humorous turn of mind) thought this Caledonian selfish invitation too tempting an occasion for a farcastic joke against the Scots to let it slip. Whether the humourist in question was a native of England, Wales, or Ireland, we cannot assert; but, upon St. Andrew's day he dressed himself in the genteelst manner he could, and presented himself at the door of the appointed rendezvous. Being asked what part of Scotland he was from, he replied, 'From none.' He was, in the next place, asked, (his answer implying his having been born out of Scotland) from what Scotch family he might be descended, either by father or mother, and how make out proofs of having Scotch blood in his veins: the officer answered the Scotch enquirer, That neither by father or mother was he descended from

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from any Scotch family. ‘Why, friend,’ added Sawney, beginning to look very serious at the apprehension of an affront against the ancient kingdom, ‘if you were ‘neither born in Scotland, nor are descended from any Scotch family, how ‘can you pretend to produce any proofs of ‘Scotch blood for your admission to our solemn feast of St. Andrew?’ ‘Nothing ‘so easy’: replied the wag. Then pulling off his gloves, shewed, between his fingers, glaring symptoms of the itch. ‘There ‘friend,’ said he, ‘are irrefragable proofs of ‘my having Scotch blood in me; therefore ‘let me pass.’ ‘I’ll pass my durk into ‘your womb, you ill-bred kern,’ said the angry Caledonian, ‘for daring thus to insult us and our saint.’ The officer was obliged to take to his heels and run off; for the affront being communicated to such of the company as were come, a detachment was sent after the offender, who was lucky enough to reach the general’s tent

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before he could be overtaken. The general asked the cause of his being so out of breath, and of the pursuit, which being told, made him laugh heartily: he interceded for the delinquent, and deprecated the resentment of the Scots for that time, upon his promise never to relapse.

In the year 1740 the resentment of the country party were carried to an extravagant height against Sir Robert Walpole, whose power was then nearly at end. Mr. Sandys, on the 11th day of February, went up to the minister, in the House of Commons, and informed him, that in two days time, he should bring a charge against him in public. Sir Robert was no stranger to the intended motion, nor to the day it was proposed to be made, nor even to the honourable gentleman's intention of acquainting him with it. He therefore received the intimation with the greatest composure and dignity, and
not

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not without some mixture of contempt at the nature of the information, and, after desiring fair play, he laid his hand upon his breast, saying,

— Hic murus aheneus esto.

Nil conscire sibi, nulli pallescere culpæ.

Mr. Pulteney (afterwards Earl of Bath) who, as usual, sat upon the bench with him, said dryly, that that was false Latin; the minister wagered a guinea that it was not, and a copy of Horace being immediately produced, and the words of the author appearing to be

— Nullâ pallescere culpâ,

Mr. Pulteney took the guinea, and held it up with this sarcastic observation, That it was the only guinea of the *public* money, that he had received for several years.

In the reign of Henry I. king of France, the Greeks waged war upon the duke of Benevento, and made him very uneasy. Thedbald, marquis of Spolero,

his ally, marching to his assistance, and having taken some prisoners, ordered them to be castrated, and, in that condition, sent them back to the Greek general, with orders to tell him, that he had done it to oblige the emperor, whom he knew to be a lover of eunuchs, and that he would endeavour to send him, in a short time, a much greater number of them. The marquis was preparing to be as good as his word, when one day a woman, whose husband had been taken prisoner, came all in tears to the camp, and begged to speak to Thedbald. The marquis having asked her the cause of her grief, 'My Lord,' says she, 'I wonder that such a valiant hero as you should trifle away your time in warring with women, when men are unable to resist you.' Thedbald replied, That since the days of the Amazons, he had never heard that war had been made upon women. 'My Lord,' answered the Greek woman, 'can a crueller be made upon us, than to

deprive

'deprive our husbands of what gives us
 'health, pleasure, and children? When
 'you make eunuchs of them it is mutilating
 'us, not them: you have lately taken away
 'our cattle and goods, without any com-
 'plaint from me: but this being an irrepa-
 'rable loss to several of my neighbours, I
 'could not avoid imploring the compassion
 'of the conqueror.' The whole army was
 so pleased with this woman's ingenious de-
 claration, that they restored her husband
 to her. As she was going away, Thed-
 bald asked her, What she would be willing
 should be done to her husband, if he was
 found in arms again. 'He has eyes,' said
 she, 'a nose, hands, and feet: these are
 'his *own*, which you may take from him,
 'if he deserves it; but leave him, if
 'you please, what belongs to *me*.'

Quin, the celebrated comedian, when at
 Bath, dined along with some other gentle-
 men one day at a lady's house who was a

prodigious admirer of his ability as an actor. In the course of conversation, she addressed him in these words: 'Mr.

'Gwynn, I was once vastly entertained
'with your playing the Ghost of Gimlet at
Drury-lane, when you rose up through the
'stage, with a white face and red eyes, and
'spoke of *quails upon the frightful porcu-*
'*pine*: do, pray, spout a little the Ghost
'of Gimlet.' 'Madam,' said Quin, with
a glance of ineffable disdain, 'the Ghost
'of Gimlet is laid, never to rise again.'

Insensible of this check, she proceeded:

'Well, to be sure, you looked and talked
'so like a real ghost; and then the cock
'crowed so natural, I wonder how you
'could teach him to crow so exact, in the
'very nick of time; but, I suppose, he's
'game—an't he game, Mr. Gwynn?'
'Dung-hill, madam.' 'Well dung-hill,
'or not dung-hill, he has got such a clear
'counter-tenor, that I wish I had such ano-
'ther at my house, to wake the maids of

"a morn-

‘ a morning. Do you know where I could
 ‘ find one of his brood ?’ ‘ Probably in the
 ‘ work-house of St. Giles’s Parish, madam;
 ‘ but I protest I know not his particular
 ‘ mew.’ ‘ Good God, sister,’ cried her
 brother, ‘ how you talk ! I have told you,
 ‘ twenty times, that this gentleman’s name
 ‘ is not Gwynn.’ ‘ Hoity toity, brother,’
 she replied, ‘ no offence, I hope ! Gwynn
 ‘ is an honourable name, of true old Bri-
 ‘ tish extraction. I thought the gentleman
 ‘ had been come of Mrs. Helen Gwynn,
 ‘ who was of his own profession ; and, if so,
 ‘ be that were the case, he might be of
 ‘ king Charles’s breed, and have royal
 ‘ blood in his veins.’ ‘ No, madam,’ an-
 swered Quin with great solemnity, ‘ my
 ‘ mother was not a whore of such distinc-
 ‘ tion. True it is, I am sometimes tempt-
 ‘ ed to believe myself of royal descent ;
 ‘ for my inclinations are often arbitrary.
 ‘ If I was an absolute prince, at this in-
 ‘ stant, I believe I should send for the head
 ‘ of

‘ of your cook in a charger. She has
 ‘ committed felony on the person of that
 ‘ John Dory, which is mangled in a cruel
 ‘ manner, and even presented without
 ‘ sauce.’

Henry Carey, queen Elizabeth’s cousin, enjoyed, for some years, her majesty’s favour, till he had lost it by the following adventure: One day, as he was walking, in a meditative mood, in the palace gardens under the queen’s windows, she perceived him, and said to him joking, ‘ What
 ‘ does a man think of when he thinks of
 ‘ nothing?’ ‘ Of the promises of a woman,’ answered Carey. ‘ You may have hit the
 ‘ nail on the head, and it may be so:’ replied Elizabeth. She withdrew, but did not forget Carey’s answer. Some time after he solicited a peerage, and put the queen in mind that she had made such a promise to him. ‘ Well, and what then,’ said she, ‘ it was only the promise of a
 ‘ woman.’

‘woman.’ She constantly afterwards refused to hear him, which he took so much at heart, that he died with grief.

The following anecdote of Dr. Atterbury, bishop of Rochester, was often mentioned by the late earl of Chesterfield. We shall give it in his own words: ‘I went
 ‘to Mr. Pope one morning at Twickenham,
 ‘and found a large folio Bible, with gilt
 ‘clasps, lying before him upon his table;
 ‘and, as I knew his way of thinking upon
 ‘that book, I asked him, jocosely, if he
 ‘was going to write an answer to it?’ “It
 “is a present,” said he, “or rather a legacy,
 “from my old friend the bishop of Ro-
 “chester. I went to take my leave of him
 “yesterday in the Tower, where I saw this
 “Bible upon his table. After the first
 “compliments, the bishop said to me, My
 “friend Pope, considering your infirmities,
 “and my age and exile, it is not likely that
 “we should ever meet again; and, therefore,
 “I give

" I give you this legacy to remember me
 " by it : take it home with you, and let me
 " advise you to abide by it." " Does your
 " Lordship abide by it yourself?" " I do."
 " If you do, my Lord, it is but lately. May
 " I beg to know what new light or argu-
 " ments have prevailed with you now, to
 " entertain an opinion so contrary to that
 " which you entertained of that book all
 " the former part of your life?" The bi-
 " shop replied, " We have not time to talk
 " of these things; but take home the book;
 " I will abide by it; and I recommend to
 " you to do so too, and so God bleſs you."

The ſtory of Nell Gwynn (one of
 Charles II's miſtreſſes) paying the debt
 of a worthy clergyman, whom, as he
 was going through the city, ſhe ſaw ſome
 bailiffs hurrying to priſon, is a known
 fact; as is alſo that of her being inſulted in
 her coach at Oxford, by the mob, who
 miſtook her for the duchefs of Portſmouth

(another mistress to that merry monarch); upon which she looked out of the window, and said, with her usual good humour, 'Pray, good people, be civil: I am the 'protestant whore.' This laconic speech drew upon her the blessings of the populace, who suffered her to proceed without further molestation.

A gentleman from London, who had been appointed to some duty in a public office at Edinburgh, being a stranger in that city, and having no friends to furnish him with a bed, and few acquaintance to give him any assistance, found himself obliged to conceal himself in an alley (where the houses were at least ten stories high, and in the brightest sunshine, that it was impossible to see any object distinctly), in order to be nigh the centre of the town, where his employment compelled him to pass most part of the day. As he perceived his lodgings as good as his neighbours, it induced

duced him to continue there, until he discovered himself extremely weak and emaciated, occasioned by constant violent perspirations, in which he waked every morning. The observations, which some of his associates made on the alteration of his embonpoint, and the situation to which he was reduced (for from a stout and lusty man, he was now become a mere shadow), persuaded him to think himself really ill and in a consumption. Accordingly he sent for the professor, and another or two of the learned fraternity, who, with all the significancy of pompous phyfic, pronounced him to be in a very declining state, and administered every restorative which the Esculapian art could suggest or supply. But all without effect: he still continued to grow worse; and, at length, almost totally exhausted, and giving himself a prey to despair, he sent up for his landlady to be a witness to his will; who, much concerned for the melancholy event, and with tears

tears in her eyes, said, How unfortunate she had been since she kept house; that her two former lodgers had died with her; that she was sure she did every thing to serve them all; that, for her part, she always took care that their linen was well aired; and, as for her rooms, nothing could be drier or more free from dampness; that her neighbour, good man, was a baker, and his oven was directly under them; that she was sure, therefore, they must be warm, and it was impossible to catch cold in her house. ‘Good God!’ cried the gentleman, ‘an oven under my room! no wonder I am in a consumption after having been baked for these three months past.’ Upon which he sent for the baker, and found what she said was true; that the oven was immediately under his bed, and that the decrease of his health had been in proportion to the increase of the baker’s business. The discovery, therefore, being a much better medicine than

any

any the professors could prescribe, he quitted this *enfer*, by degrees recovered his strength and constitution, and lives now to ridicule the oddity of the accident.

The present emperor of Germany, passing one night along a street in Vienna, on one side of which runs a wall that terminates one of his gardens, he perceived a young female, who seemed to be crying to herself. He asked her what gave her so much uneasiness. To this, she made no reply, but sobbed on. He repeated his question. She answered, That it would be of little signification to tell, for he could be of no service to her. 'My dress may not promise much ability,' returned the emperor, who made, in disguise, but rather a shabby appearance, 'but, perhaps, it may, nevertheless, be in my power to remove those tears from your eyes.' The emperor still pressing to be informed, the young woman reluctantly

luctantly acquainted him, That her mother was in the greatest distress and very ill, and that she [the daughter] was then going to raise money on her only remaining cloaths (those she had on her excepted) for their present subsistence. He inquired after her family, and she informed him, that her father was an officer, and died in the service. He asked her if they had no pension. She told him, no. 'Why have you not preferred a memorial to the emperor?' The girl answered, That several had been delivered to a great man, belonging to the court, to be presented by him to the emperor, but they had availed nothing. 'Do you think the emperor received them?' She said, 'There was no doubt of that: but,' continued she, 'they say the emperor is a miser.' He told her he had some interest at court, and desired she would come with a memorial in the morning, at ten o'clock, to such a part of the palace, and inquire for such a person: that

that he would be there, and would recommend her mother's cause in such a manner, as, he doubted not, would be attended with success. The girl hesitated at the proposal. 'I will not deceive you, he returned, go, child, home to your mother; spare your cloaths; take this [giving her three gold ducats], buy yourselves food; and be sure do not disappoint me at ten to-morrow.' They parted: the young woman all amazed, ran home, and recounted her story. The mother wept on the neck of the daughter; the daughter, drowned in tears, hung on that of the mother. The emperor had given the proper orders in the morning for the reception of the young woman. She not coming to her time appointed, he made several impatient inquiries, from that hour to near eleven, to know if she were not yet come. Her stay at home was owing to a delicacy and a fear that she could not account for. Indeed, somebody had suggested to her (on hearing the

the

the description of the person who had so generously assisted her, and knowing it was the report, that the emperor sometimes amused himself in excursions of this kind) that, perhaps, it might be the emperor himself. By the persuasions of her friends, however, at length, she overcame her difficulties; and, as the clock was striking eleven, she made her appearance at the part of the palace where she had been directed to. There was a person ready to receive her. She told him her business. ‘The emperor, madam, has been waiting impatiently for you this hour.’ The apprehensions instilled into her, now becoming a certainty, and these attended with fears (on account of her having made so free with the character of the prince on the preceding night) at the name of emperor, she was very near fainting; but, presently recovering, her being arrived was announced, and she was ordered to be introduced. Her sovereign was dressed with
more

more than common elegance and richness (perhaps for the greater contrast to his appearance the night before.) She fell on her knees: she lost all utterance! He condescendingly stooped to raise her up: he bid her be comforted: he asked her for her memorial: she gave it. He made a point of knowing to whom her former memorials were delivered, that he might inform himself of the reason he had never seen them, and prevent such offences to himself and his subjects [these were his words] for the future. ‘I shall make particular enquiries into the truth of your memorial’ said the amiable young monarch, ‘If I find the assertions are just, and your distresses as represented, tell your mother I shall order a pension, for herself and family, of 400 ducats.’ This was too affecting! she fell at his feet! he raised her a second time. She began withdrawing herself respectfully at a distance, as if departing. ‘Hold,’ continued the Prince, ‘take

‘ take this purse [containing 200 ducats]: it
 ‘ is for yourself; and I give it you because
 ‘ you told me I am a miser: let it bear
 ‘ witness for me to the contrary.’

The duke of York, it is said, one day told the king his brother, that he had heard so much of old Milton, he had a great desire to see him. Charles told the duke, that he had no objection to his satisfying his curiosity; and accordingly shortly after, James having informed himself where Milton lived, went privately to his house. Being introduced to him, and Milton being informed of the rank of his guest, they conversed together for some time; but, in the course of their conversation, the duke asked Milton, Whether he did not think the loss of his sight was a judgment upon him for what he had written against the late king his father? Milton's reply was to this effect: ‘ If your
 ‘ highness thinks that the calamities which
 VOL. I. C ‘ befall

‘ befall us here, are indications of the wrath
 ‘ of Heaven, in what manner are we to ac-
 ‘ count for the fate of the king your fa-
 ‘ ther? The displeasure of Heaven must,
 ‘ upon this supposition, have been much
 ‘ greater against him, than against me : for
 ‘ I have only lost my eyes, but he lost his
 ‘ head.’ The duke was exceedingly net-
 tled at this answer, and went away soon
 after very angry. When he came back to
 the court, the first thing he said to the
 king, was, ‘ Brother, you are greatly to
 ‘ blame that you don’t have that old rogue
 ‘ Milton hanged.’ ‘ Why what’s the mat-
 ‘ ter, James?’ said the king: ‘ you seem in
 ‘ a heat!’ What have you seen Milton?
 ‘ Yes,’ answered the duke: ‘ I have seen
 ‘ him.’ Well,’ said the king, ‘ in what
 ‘ condition did you find him?’ ‘ Condition!’
 replied the duke, ‘ why he’s old, and very
 ‘ poor.’ ‘ Old and poor;’ said the king:
 ‘ well, and he is blind, is he not?’ ‘ Yes,
 said the duke, ‘ blind as a beetle.’ ‘ Why
 ‘ then

‘ then you are a fool, James,’ replied the king, ‘ to want to have him hanged as a punishment : to hang him will be doing him a service : it will be taking him out of his miseries. No, if he is old, poor, and blind, he is miserable enough in all conscience : let him live.’

The late lord R——, with many good qualities, and even learning and parts, had a strong desire of being thought skilful in physic, and was very expert in bleeding. Lord Chesterfield, who knew his foible, and on a particular occasion wished to have his vote, came to him one morning, and, after having conversed upon indifferent matters, complained of the head-ach, and desired his Lordship to feel his pulse. It was found to beat high, and a hint of loosening blood was given. ‘ I have no objection ; and, as I hear your Lordship has a masterly hand, will you favour me with trying your lancet upon me ? A propos,’ said Lord

Chesterfield, after the operation ; ‘do you
 ‘go to the house to-day?’ Lord R——, an-
 swered, ‘I did not intend to go, not being
 ‘sufficiently informed of the question which
 ‘is to be debated; but you who have con-
 ‘sidered it, which side will you be of?’ The
 earl, having gained his confidence, easily
 directed his judgment : he carried him to
 the house, and got him to vote as he
 pleased. He used afterwards to say, That
 none of his friends had done as much as
 he, having literally *bled* for the good of
 his country.

Doctor Hough, some time since bishop
 of Worcester, who was as remarkable for
 the evenness of his temper, as for many
 other good qualities, having a good deal
 of company at his house, a gentleman pre-
 sent desired his Lordship to shew him a cu-
 rious weather-glass which the bishop had
 lately purchased, and which cost him above
 thirty guineas. The servant was accord-
 ingly

ingly desired to bring it, who, in delivering it to the gentleman, accidentally let it fall, and broke it all to pieces. The company were all a little deranged from the accident. 'Be under no concern, my dear Sir,' says the bishop, smiling, 'I think it is rather a lucky omen: we have hitherto had a dry season, and I hope we shall have some rain; for I protest I do not remember ever to have seen the glass so *low*.'

Dr. John Wilkins, a man of uncommon parts and abilities in the reign of Charles II. has been laughed at together with his chimeras: but even these shew themselves to be the chimeras of a man of genius. Such was his attempt to shew the possibility of a voyage to the moon; in a conversation with the duchess of Newcastle, her grace asked him, 'Doctor, where am I to find a place for baiting at, in the way up to that planet?' 'Madam,' said he, 'of all the people in the world, I ne-

‘ ver expected that question from you, who
 ‘ have built so many castles in the *air*, that
 ‘ you may live every night at one of your
 ‘ own.’

The late earl of Chesterfield was universally esteemed the Mecænas of the age in which he lived. Dr. Johnson addressed the plan of his Dictionary of the English Language to him, on that account; and his Lordship endeavoured to be grateful, by recommending that valuable work in two essays, which, among others, he published in a paper, intitled, *The World*, conducted Mr. Edward Moore, and his literary friends. Some time after, however, the doctor took great offence at being refused admittance to lord Chesterfield, which happened by a mistake of the porter; and, just before the work was finished, on Mr. Moore’s expressing his surprize that Johnson did not intend to dedicate the book to his Lordship, the lexicographer declared
 he

he was under no obligation to any great man whatever, and, therefore, should not make him his patron. ‘Pardon me, Sir,’ said Moore; ‘you are certainly obliged to his Lordship for the two elegant papers he has written in favour of your performance.’ ‘You quite mistake the thing!’ returned Johnson; ‘I confess no obligation; I feel my own dignity, Sir; I have made a Commodore Anson’s voyage round the whole world of the English language; and, while I am coming into port, with a fair wind, on a fine sunshiny day, my lord Chesterfield sends out two little cock-boats to tow me in. I am very sensible of the favour, Mr. Moore, and should be sorry to say an ill-natured thing of that nobleman; but I cannot help thinking he is a lord amongst wits, and a wit amongst lords.’

Major Bernardi informs us, that, after the fatal battle of Worcester, Charles II.

arrived at the late Sir George Norton's house near Bristol: he went into the kitchen, by the advice of his supposed mistress [Mrs. Lane, who was aiding in his escape], the better to conceal himself: and that, as he was standing by the fire-side, near the jack, the cook maid desired him to wind it up; and he fumbling until the spit stood still, the maid struck him, and calling him a black blockhead, asked, Where the devil he had lived, that he had not learned to wind up a jack? The king modestly answered her with a blush; That he was a poor tradesman's son, and had not been long in his lady's service.

The following story is related of general Kirk, who had served many years at Tangier; and some time after his return to England, was pressed by King James II. to become a proselyte to the Romish religion, as the most acceptable means of recommending himself to favour and preferment.

ment. As soon as the king had done speaking, Kirk expressed great concern that it was not in his power to comply with his majesty's desire, because he was really pre-engaged. The king smiled, and asked him what he meant? 'Why, truly,' answered Kirk, 'when I was abroad, I promised the emperor of Morocco that, if ever I changed my religion, I would turn Mahometan, and I never did break my word in my life, and must beg leave to say I never will.'

The late Sir W—— Y——, was famous for the keenness of his wit: he was also remarkable for the foulness of his breath; so remarkable, that he was commonly called the Bug. Coming into the Smyrna coffee-house one day after a ride, he complained bitterly of the north-wind, as it blew in his face all the way home. 'By G——d, Sir William,' said colonel Cutwell,

well, who sat next him, 'the north-wind!
' had the worst of it.'

King Charles II. asked Stillingfleet, How it came about, that he always read his sermons before him, when he was informed, he always preached without book elsewhere? He told the king, That the awe of so noble an audience, where he saw nothing that was not greatly superior to him; but chiefly the seeing before him so great and wise a prince, made him afraid to trust himself. With which answer, the king was very well contented. 'But, pray,' says Stillingfleet, 'will your majesty give me leave to ask you a question too? Why you read your speeches, when you can have none of the same reasons?' 'Why truly, doctor,' says the king, 'your question is a very pertinent one, and so will be my answer. I have asked them so often, and for so much money,

‘money, that I am ashamed to look them
‘in the face.’

No man conceived a more thorough contempt for religion than Cromwell, though he was indebted to it for all the power and honours he enjoyed. We have an undeniable anecdote of this, preserved in the St. John family, which is a sufficient proof of the sovereign contempt Cromwell entertained for that instrument, which had produced such wonderful effects in his hands. He was one day cracking a bottle with Ireton, Fleetwood, and St. John: they wanted to draw the cork of a bottle, when the corkscrew happened to fall under the table: they were all of them in search of it, but could not find it. In the meantime, word was brought in that a deputation from the presbyterian churches waited for an audience in the anti-chamber. ‘Tell ‘them,’ says Cromwell, ‘that I am in ‘private seeking the Lord.’ This was the

canting expression of those fanatics for being at prayers. When he had, in this manner, dismissed the deputation of the ministers, he made use of these very words to his companions: 'Those knaves think we were seeking the Lord, whereas, in truth, we are looking for the corkscrew.'

During the late war, a commander of one of his majesty's ships of war being stationed at Boston in North America, had orders to cruize from time to time; in order to protect our trade, and distress the enemy. It happened unluckily that he returned from one of his cruises on a Sunday; and, as he had left his lady at Boston, the moment she had heard of the ship's arrival, she hastened down to the water's side, in order to receive him. The captain, on landing, embraced her with tenderness and affection: this, as there were many spectators by, gave great offence, and was considered as an act of indecency,

decency, and a flagrant profanation of the sabbath. The next day, therefore, he was summoned before the magistrates, who, with many severe rebukes and pious exhortations, ordered him to be publicly whipped. The captain stifled his indignation and resentment as much as possible; and, as the punishment, from the frequency of it, was not attended with any degree of ignominy or disgrace, he mixed with the best company, was well received by them, and they were apparently good friends. At length, the time of the station expired, and he was recalled; he went, therefore, with seeming concern, to take leave of his worthy friends; and, that they might spend one happy day together before their final separation, he invited the principal magistrates and select men to dine with him on board his ship, upon the day of his departure. They accepted the invitation, and nothing could be more joyous and convivial than the entertainment which he

he gave them. At length the fatal moment arrived that was to separate them: the anchor was a peak, the sails were unfurled, and nothing was wanting but the signal to get under way. The captain, after taking an affectionate leave of his worthy friends, accompanied them upon deck, where the boatswain and crew were in readiness to receive them. He there thanked them afresh for the civilities they had shewn him, of which, he said, he should retain an eternal remembrance, and to which, he wished it had been in his power to have made a more adequate return. One point of civility only remained to be adjusted between them, which, as it was in his power, so he meant most justly to recompense them. He then reminded them of what had passed, and, ordering the crew to pinion them, had them brought one by one to the gang-way, where the boatswain stripped off their shirts, and, with a cat of nine tails, laid on the back

of

of each forty stripes, save one. They were then, amidst the shouts and acclamations of the crew, shoved into their boats; and the captain, immediately getting under way, sailed for England.

Mr. Quin, the actor, being once asked if he had ever been in Scotland, and how he liked the people; ‘If you mean,’ replied he, ‘the lower order of them, I shall be at a loss to answer you; for I had no farther acquaintance with them than by the smell. As for the nobility they are numerous; and, for the most part, proud and beggarly. I remember when I crossed from the north of Ireland into their d—d country, I came to a little, wretched village consisting of a dozen huts, in the style of the Hottentots, the principal of which was an inn, and kept by an earl. I was mounted on a shrivelled quadruped, for there was no certainty of calling it horse, mare, or gelding, much like a
 † North

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' North Wales goat, but larger and without
 ' horns. The whole village was up in an
 ' instant to salute me, supposing, from the
 ' elegance of my appearance, that I must
 ' be some person of a large fortune and
 ' great family. The earl ran, and took
 ' hold of my stirrup while I dismounted;
 ' then turning to his eldest son, who stood
 ' by us without breeches, said, "My Lord,
 " do you take the gentleman's horse to
 " the stable, and desire your sister, Lady
 " Betty, to draw him a pint of two-penny;
 " for I suppose so great a mon will
 " ha' the best liquor in the whol hous."
 ' I was obliged,' continued Quin, ' to stay
 ' here the whole night, and to make a sup-
 ' per of rotten potatoes and stinking eggs.
 ' The old nobleman was indeed very com-
 ' plaissant, and made me accept of his own
 ' bed. I cannot say that the dormitory
 ' was the best in the world; for there was
 ' nothing but an old box to sit upon in the
 ' room, and there were neither sheets nor
 ' curtains to the bed. Lady Betty was
 ' kind

' kind enough to apologize for the apart-
 ' ment, assuring me, Many persons of
 ' great degnaty had frequently slept in it;
 ' and that tho' the blonkets loked sae
 ' block, it was not quite four years sin
 ' they had been washed by the countess
 ' her mother, and Lady Matilda Caroli-
 ' na Amelia Eleonora Sophia, one of her
 ' younger sisters :'' she then wished me a
 ' good night, and said, that the vis-
 ' count, her brother, would take particu-
 ' lar care to grease my boots.'

Every circumstance relative to a distin-
 guished character ought to be preserved.
 That Shakespeare was of an amorous con-
 stitution, has been repeatedly told us ; but
 of his particular connections with the fair,
 we are almost wholly in the dark. The
 following adventure is authentic, and, we
 believe, new to the world : one evening,
 when the tragedy of Richard III. was
 to be acted, the poet observed a smart
 damsel.

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damsel trip behind the scenes, and slyly
 whisper to Burbidge [a favourite player,
 and an intimate of Shakespeare, who was
 to perform the part of Richard] that her
 master had gone out of town in the morn-
 ing; that her mistress would be glad of his
 company after the play, and that she beg-
 ged to know what signal he would use?
 'Three taps on the door, my dear, and,
 'tis I, Richard the Third,' was the answer
 of Burbidge. The girl decamped; and
 Shakespeare, whose curiosity was sufficient-
 ly excited, followed her steps till he saw
 her enter a house in the city. On enquiry
 in the neighbourhood, he found that the
 owner of the mansion was a wealthy mer-
 chant, but superannuated, and exceedingly
 jealous of his young wife. At length
 the hour of rendezvous approached; and
 the poet, having given the appointed signal,
 &c. obtained instant admittance. Nothing
 could equal the indignation of the lady
 when she found herself in the arms of a
 stranger.

stranger. He flattered and vowed; she frowned and stormed: but it was not in woman to resist the soft eloquence of a Shakespeare. In a word, the bard supplanted the player. He had even attained the summit of bliss, before the representative of Richard appeared. No sooner had he given the appointed taps, than Shakespeare, putting out his head from the window, demanded his business: ‘’Tis I, ’tis I, Richard the Third,’ replied the impatient Burbidge. ‘Richard!’ rejoined the other: ‘Knave begone! Know that William the Conqueror reigned before Richard the Third.’

Mr. Glover, the late dancing-master to the royal family, being in company with Picard the fencing-master, and the conversation turning upon their different professions, each master supported the superiority of his talent over that of the other. At length words arose very high, and it was agreed

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agreed to determine the dispute by arms, next morning, in Hyde-park. The combatants met. When Picard drew his sword, Glover drew his kit, and began to play a minuet, saying, 'Why don't you dance?' Picard was very angry, exclaiming, He did not understand being trifled with. 'No,' said Glover, 'I don't trifle with you: this proves the superiority of my profession, as you can do nothing without an opponent, whereas I can amuse without the assistance of any one.'

Some years since, Voltaire wrote a very severe satire upon the King of Prussia, which so nettled him, that he never could forgive it. Upon hearing that the bard was at Leipzig, he told count de —, one of his aid de camps, that he could confer a singular obligation on him: the aid de camp, who said he only lived to obey his majesty, was told the object was to properly requite Mr. Voltaire for the obligation

ligation he had conferred in that satire.
 The hint was sufficient : the count flew to
 execute his sovereign's pleasure : he re-
 paired to Leipzig; and, waiting one morn-
 ing upon Voltaire, complimented him up-
 on his extraordinary merit, and enquired
 if he was not the author of that particular
 poem : to which the bard very innocently
 replied, 'Yes.' 'Then, Sir,' said the
 count, 'it is a scandal to the judgment of
 'the present age, that you have not yet
 'been properly recompensed for it. I have
 'a commission, Sir, to reward your liberal-
 'ly for this production, and I have too
 'great a sense of its value, and too much
 'generosity to deprive you of any part of
 'your due.' Having said this, he fell to
 work, and caned him very severely, whilst
 the unfortunate bard in vain pleaded for
 mercy. The obligation being thus requit-
 ed, the count drew up a receipt in the
 following terms, which he insisted upon
 Voltaire's signing, on pain of further cor-
 poreal

poreal punishment: 'Received of his
 ' Prussian majesty, by the hands of the
 ' count de ———, one hundred bastinadoes,
 ' very judiciously applied,*for having wrote
 ' a satire upon his said majesty; in full of
 ' all demands. Witness my hand,

VOLTAIRE.

Jaqueline of Luxemburgh, duchess of
 Bedford, had, after her first husband's
 death, so far sacrificed her ambition to
 love, that she married Sir Richard Wood-
 ville, a private gentleman (afterwards ho-
 noured with the title of Lord Rivers) to
 whom she bore several children, and,
 amongst the rest, Elizabeth, who was no
 less distinguished by the beauty and ele-
 gance of her person, than the amiable dis-
 position of her mind. Elizabeth espoused
 Sir John Gray of Groby; but her husband

* The original French is more expressive; but can-
 not be rendered in English with equal force.—*Cent*
coups decane bien appliqués.

being

being slain in the second battle of St. Alban's, fighting for the family of Lancaster, and his estate being, on that account, confiscated, the young widow retired to her father's seat at Grafton in Northamptonshire, where she lived some time in privacy and retirement. Edward IV. King of England, happening to hunt in that county, went to pay a visit to the duchess of Bedford; and Elizabeth resolved to embrace such a favourable opportunity, of obtaining some grace from this gallant monarch. Accordingly she came into his presence, and, throwing herself at his feet, implored a maintenance for herself and children. The sight of so much beauty in distress, made a deep impression on the amorous mind of Edward. Love stole insensibly into his heart, under the guise of compassion; and her sorrow and affliction, so graceful in a virtuous matron, recommended her no less to his esteem and veneration, than her personal beauty made her

the object of his affection. He raised her from the ground, with assurances of favour. He found his passion daily strengthened by the company and conversation of the lovely widow; and in a short time, became the suppliant of the woman whom he had lately seen on her knees before him. But such was the resolute virtue of Elizabeth, that she positively refused to gratify his passion in a dishonourable manner. All the intreaties, promises, and endearments of the young and amiable Edward, were not sufficient to gain her consent. At last she plainly told him, That though she was unworthy of being his wife, yet she thought herself too good to be his concubine; and would therefore remain in the humble situation to which providence had reduced her. This opposition served but the more to enslave the passions of the young monarch, and heighten his esteem for such exalted sentiments: he therefore offered to share his throne, as well as heart,

heart, with the woman whose personal and mental accomplishments rendered her so deserving of both. The nuptials were accordingly solemnized at Grafton, A. D. 1465.

The manor of Winchendon (formerly the estate of the Wharton family) is situated in a very dirty part of the county of Buckingham, where the soil is a very stiff clay. Cibber the laureat, who sometimes visited the famous duke of Wharton at that place, was once in his coach with him, when it went very slowly through a deep slough. Colley, with his usual vivacity and assurance, said to his grace; 'It is reported, my Lord Duke, that you 'run out of your estate, but it is impossible for you to run out of this.'

The celebrated Duke de Roclore (the favourite wit and buffoon of Lewis XIV) was in his person very far from being agreeable: his countenance was rather forbidding,

bidding, and his person was awkward. Another nobleman, whose personal beauty was even inferior to that of Roclore, having killed his antagonist in a duel, applied to the duke for his interest and protection, knowing it was the only channel through which he could obtain a pardon. The duke readily engaged in his friend's interest, and fairly rallied the king into compliance. After the king had finished his fit of laughter, and given his royal promise, he added, 'But for Heaven's sake, Roclore, what could induce you to be so strenuous in this intercession?' 'I will tell your majesty: If he had suffered, I then should have been the ugliest man in all France.'

The late lord Bolingbroke, on his return from France to England, had concerted, with lady Bolingbroke, a scheme for ingratiating himself with George I. This was to be by means of a young lady, whom lady Bolingbroke brought over with

with her, for the purpose of throwing her in the king's way, in the hope of her captivating him. She was a natural daughter of Feriol, the French ambassador at Constantinople, by the fair Greek; of whom the Abbe Prevot has given us so entertaining a novel. The lure, however, did not take. Though the girl was an extremely pretty brunette, she wanted that German corpulence which was the king's taste. Lady Bolingbroke's collateral negotiations were nevertheless not absolutely without effect. She had often supped with the king, and made lord Bolingbroke's part so good, that it was not without reason imagined that, if the king had lived to return from Hanover, he had a very probable chance of coming into the ministry, and even of supplanting Walpole, not at that time so firmly fixed as he was afterwards.

Sir Julius Cæsar was master of the rolls in the reign of Charles I. and had in-

herent in his office the indubitable right and disposal of the six-clerks' places; all which he had, for many years, upon any vacancy, bestowed to such persons as he thought fit. One of those places was become void, and designed by the old man for his son Robert Cæsar, a lawyer of a good name, and exceedingly beloved. The lord treasurer [Weston Earl of Portland, as he was vigilant in such cases] had notice of the clerk's expiration so soon, that he procured the king to send a message to the master of the rolls, expressly forbidding him to dispose of that six-clerks' place, 'till his majesty's pleasure should be further made known to him. It was the first command of that kind that had been heard of, and was felt by the old man very sensibly. He was indeed very old, and had outlived most of his friends; so that his age was an objection against him; many persons of quality being dead, who had, for recompence of services, pro-
cured

cured the reversion of this office. The treasurer found it no hard matter so far to terrify him that, for the king's service, as was pretended, he admitted for a fix-clerk a person recommended by him [Mr. Fern, a dependant upon him] who paid 6000 pounds ready money; which, poor man! he lived to repent in a jail. This work being done at the charge of the poor old man, who had been a privy-counsellor from the entrance of king James, had been chancellor of the exchequer, and served in other offices; the depriving of him of his right made a great noise: and the condition of his son (his father being not likely to live to have the disposal of another office in his power) who, as was said before, was generally beloved, and was lively, was successfully represented to the king himself; who was graciously pleased to promise that, if the old man chanced to die before any other of the fix-clerks, that office, when it should fall,

should be conferred on his son, whosoever should succeed him as master of the rolls; which might well be provided for: and the lord treasurer obliged himself (to expiate the injury) to procure some declaration to that purpose, under his majesty's sign manual; which, however easy to be done, he long forgot or neglected. One day, the earl of Tullibardin, who was nearly allied to Mr. Cæsar, and much his friend, being with the treasurer, he privately asked him, Whether he had done that business? To whom he answered, with a seeming trouble, That he had forgotten it, for which he was heartily sorry; and if he would give him a little note in writing, for a memorial, he would put it amongst those which he would dispatch with the king that afternoon. The earl presently writ on a little paper, 'Remember Cæsar,' and gave it to him; and put it into that little pocket, where, he said, he kept all his memorials which were first

first to be transacted. Many days passed, and Cæsar never thought of. At length, when he changed his cloaths, and he who waited on him in his chamber, according to custom, brought him all the notes and papers found in those he had left off, which he then commonly perused; when he found this little billet, in which was only written, 'Remember Cæsar' and which he had never read before, he was exceedingly confounded, and knew not what to make, or think of it. He sent for his bosom friends, and, after a serious and melancholic deliberation, it was agreed, that it was the advertisement of some friend, that durst not own the discovery; that it could signify nothing, but that there was a conspiracy against his life, by his many and mighty enemies; and they all knew Cæsar's fate, by contemning or neglecting such animadversions. Therefore they advised him, to pretend to be indisposed, that he ought not stir abroad all the day,

and that none might be admitted to him but persons of undoubted affection ; and that at night some servants should watch with the porter. Shortly after, the earl of Tullibardin asking him, whether he had remembered Cæsar ? the treasurer quickly recollected the ground of his perturbation, and could not forbear imparting it to his friends, and so the whole plot came to be discovered.

Dr. John Bull, a celebrated musician, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, took occasion to go *incognito* into France and Germany. At length hearing of a famous musician belonging to a certain cathedral at St. Omer's, he applied himself as a novice to him, to learn something of his faculty, and to sit and admire his works. This musician, after some discourse had passed between them, conducted Bull to a vestry, or music-school, joining to the cathedral, and shewed to him a lesson or song of forty parts,

parts, and then made a vaunting challenge to any person in the world to add one more part to them; supposing it to be so complete and full, that it was impossible for any mortal man to correct, or add to it. Bull therefore desiring the use of ink and ruled paper, prayed the musician to lock him up in the school for two or three hours; which being done, not without great disdain, by the musician, Bull, in that time, or less, added forty more parts to the said lesson or song. The musician thereupon being called in, he viewed it, tried it, and re-tried it. At length he burst out into a great ecstasy, and swore by the great God, that he that added those forty parts must either be the devil or Dr. Bull. Whereupon Bull making himself known, the musician fell down, and adored him. Afterwards continuing there, and in those parts, for a time, he became so much admired, that he was courted to accept of any place or preferment, suitable

to his profession, either within the dominions of the emperor, king of France, or Spain. But the tidings of these transactions coming to the English court, queen Elizabeth commanded him home. This part of the story alluding to the forty parts, said to have been added by Dr. Bull in two or three hours, has been rejected by our best artists in music, as a thing wholly improbable; and the account they give, as handed down to them by tradition, is this: that the lesson or song, when delivered to the doctor, consisted of sixteen parts, to which he added four others.

- This, considering the fullness of the piece before, and the shortness of the time, in which he made those additions, is esteemed by them an extraordinary performance, and what might easily occasion the greater surprise in the musician upon the first sight of it.

It is

It is well known the late Colley Cibber was engaged in a paper-war with Pope; and being told one day, that Pope intended to prosecute him, for making too free with his character, Cibber happened to be in a peevish temper, and replied, 'He may kiss my a—e.' Upon this one of his friends, who was upon the banter, observed, that was not language for a gentleman; and that he was sure that he [Cibber] would not say so to Pope's face. 'By G-d, Sir,' says Colley, 'I would tell him so, or any puppy that should take his part.' This assertion was what they were fishing for, as they now perceived, that he was in a right cue to be worked up to any pitch; and so it proved, for, before they parted, they provoked him to a bet of one hundred guineas, that he would bid Pope kiss his a—e in the publick playhouse; bid the company he sat with kiss his a—e; let them be who they would; bid box, pit, and gallery, separately, kiss his a—e; like-

wife, and in conclusion, bid the whole house kiss his a—e all together. This mad wager soon got wind, and it was generally known, that Pope was to be at the play the next night. When the time came the house was crowded. Now as it was in the beginning of term, the solicitor and attorney-general were both in the stage-box, according to ancient custom; and who should be perched plump between them, but Alexander the Little. Well, Colley had bought the collar, and he was resolved to go through with it: so just as the last music was playing, and the curtain ready to be drawn up, he rang the bell, and pushed boldly on the stage: Cibber bowed; the house clapped. He bowed again: all was attention; and thus he began: ‘Ladies and gentlemen, I have a story to tell you; to which, if you don’t honour me with an indulgent hearing, I shall lose one hundred guineas.’ Upon this an universal clap ensued, and a general

ral cry of, 'The story! The story!' He
 then proceeded thus: 'You must know,
 ' ladies and gentlemen, that there lived
 ' in this city an honest old trencher-maker,
 ' who had saved a very considerable for-
 ' tune; and having two sons, called
 ' Kill-'em-all, and Kifs-my-arse, he left all
 ' his landed estate to his eldest son Kill-'em-
 ' all, and all his business and stock in
 ' trade, to his youngest son Kifs-my-arse.
 ' Now it happened, ladies and gentlemen,
 ' that Kill-'em-all, in a few years, prodigally
 ' spent his patrimony; and what does he
 ' do, but sets up his business of trencher-
 ' making, directly under the nose of his
 ' brother Kifs-my-arse. 'Tis an old say-
 ' ing that, *two of a trade can never agree*;
 ' and I am sure 'tis a true one; for no soon-
 ' er was the opposition begun, but the
 ' two brothers began to hate the sight of
 ' each other; so that if they both chanced
 ' to be at the play on the same night, you
 ' would see Kill-'em-all in the pit, and Kifs-
 ' my

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‘ my-arse in the gallery ; or else Kill-’em-
 ‘ all in the gallery, and Kifs my-arse in the
 ‘ pit. Indeed, sometimes, you might see
 ‘ Kill-’em-all in the pit, or gallery ; and
 ‘ Kifs-my-arse in the boxes. Bye-and-bye
 ‘ they got into a paper war ; but as neither
 ‘ of them could write themselves, they em-
 ‘ ployed scribblers on each side to do it for
 ‘ them ; so Kill-’em-all chose your humble
 ‘ servant, and Kifs-my-arse Mr. Pope,
 ‘ [bowing to him]. Soon after the com-
 ‘ mencement of the paper-war, they went
 ‘ to law with each other about defamation.
 ‘ Kill-’em-all chose for council the solici-
 ‘ tor-general, and Kifs-my-arse Mr. attor-
 ‘ ney-general:—No, I mistake ; Kill-em-
 ‘ all chose the attorney-general, and Kifs-
 ‘ my-arse Mr. follicitor, [bowing occasion-
 ‘ ally to both]. At last, by the interposition
 ‘ of friends, they agreed to submit it to an
 ‘ arbitration ; and then it was finally set-
 ‘ tled, that, to obviate all subsequent dis-
 ‘ putes, Kill-’em-all’s trenchers should, for
 ‘ the

'the future, be made all square, and those
'of Kifs-my-arse all round.' This piece of
humour was received with great applause,
and Cibber fairly won his wager.

It is no secret that the marriage of Mrs.
Clive, the celebrated comedian, with the
counsellor of that name, was attended with
continual jars and squabbles, which, ac-
cording to publick report, chiefly arose
from the shrewish disposition of the lady.
In a few months they parted, by mutual
consent, to the great satisfaction of the
hen-pecked counsellor, who, upon his re-
turn soon after to his chambers in Lin-
coln's-inn, from the western circuit, find-
ing his washer-woman had pawned some of
his linen in his absence, dispatched his
footman to engage another person in that
capacity, whose honesty might be depend-
ed upon. A laundress was soon found,
and, on her waiting upon Mr. Clive, while
his man was counting out the dirty cloathes

to her, he made some enquiries, which occasioned the good woman to give him an account of the many respectable people she washed for; and after mentioning the satisfaction she had given to several serjeants, benchers, and other limbs of the law, 'Sir,' says she, 'I also wash for a name-
'fake of your honour's.' 'A namesake of
'mine!' says the counsellor. 'Yes, and
'please you,' says she, 'and a mighty good
'sort of a woman too, thof she be one of
'the player folks.' 'Oh! what you wash
'for Mrs. Clive, the actrefs, do you?'
'Yes, indeed, Sir, and she is one of my
'best customers too.' 'Is she so,' replied
the counsellor, 'Stop, John! toss the
'clothes back into the closet again. Here,
'good woman, I am sorry you had this
'trouble; here is half-a-crown for you,
'but you can never wash for me, for I will
'be d——d if ever I suffer my shirt to be
'rubbed against her shift any more, as long
'as I live.'

The

The late colonel Cunningham took great delight in paying his addressee to young ladies, merely for amusement; and no sooner did he perceive that he had gained their affection, but he despised his conquest. One of these forsaken nymphs was a lady of exceeding good birth, very well accomplished, and of unblemished reputation, but not of fortune equal to his: however, he seemed so fond, that she supposed that would be no obstacle, and entirely devoted herself to the pleasure of loving him; which he no sooner perceived, but he grew cold, civil, and respectful, and at last went to London, without so much as bidding her farewell. Her stepfather Brigadier V—r—y, having some call there, took his lady and her children with him, where, the Miss A—t (for that was the lady's name) frequently saw the colonel at court: he never took the least notice of her; but seemed as never acquainted. This, as we may presume, sufficiently

ficiently grieved her: she made her complaint to a female confidante, a lady of quality, and a woman of spirit: between them they contrived, at least, to give his vanity a terrible mortification. They wrote to him a letter, as from a married duchess, who was fallen in love with him at court. The chairman had directions to wait for his answer, but they took care that he should not be able to guess who sent it. All that the colonel could discover, was, that it was given to him in the street, and he was ordered to leave the answer at a mercer's, where it would be safely delivered to the person who wrote the letter. This secrecy made him quite sure he had gained the heart of some high-born fair: he failed not to send a passionate and tender return, for so great an honour as the unknown charmer had done him. The ladies received it, and were glad to find the gudgeon swallow the bait so greedily. Next night he took care to dress himself with the utmost

utmost magnificence; and, as he was really a graceful person, he made no doubt but the lady would, by some favourable glance, discover herself to him: to this end, he was at court, and strictly examined the countenance of every lady of quality there to no purpose, which only made him suppose the lady extremely discreet, and careful of her reputation. His imaginary mistress made several appointments with him: then sent him word, *her lord was come to town*, or some apology, 'till at last, tired with their sport, they resolved to finish it. To this end, he received a letter, that the lady could not find out any place where she could, without danger of discovery, meet him, except at his own house, but begged, that he would not let any of his servants be in the way; that she would come in a chair, exactly at ten, one small tap at the door being the signal for happiness. Never did knight-errant propose to himself more glory in the finishing
of

of an adventure, than did our happy colonel at his near-approaching bliss. He had framed to himself an idea of a perfect beauty, kind, tender, and formed for love. His answer was all rapture, and acknowledgment. His apartments were filled with wax-lights; himself curled, perfumed, and dressed to such advantage, who could resist that beheld him? He punctually obeyed the lady's commands, in dismissing all the servants, with orders not to appear; and waited the happy minute, with the impatience of a real lover: every moment he looked at his watch, and thought the hours ages. At length, the long-wished-for signal was given: he flew to receive the fair one; when a porter delivered a band-box into his hand, and, without speaking a word to him, vanished. Never was any man in greater confusion than he at opening it: he there found, not only his own soft epistles, but also a little doll in a chair, with a letter in her hand directed

directed to him; the purport of which was, to let him know he was a conceited coxcomb, to suppose any woman of quality had the least regard for him, and, that the lady who held that, was a mistress good enough for him.

The marquis of Ormond, so well known in history, for his loyal attachment to the first and second Charles, when in France, in 1652, a French nobleman of great quality, having invited the marquis to his house at St. Germain en Laye, entertained him there for some time, in a manner perfectly suitable to his own rank, and that of his guest. At his coming away, the marquis, in compliance with a common English custom, left with the maître d'hôtel ten pistoles, to be distributed among the servants. It was all the money he had, nor did he know how to get credit for more when he reached Paris. As he was upon the road, ruminating on this melancholy

choly circumstance, and contriving how to raise a small supply for present use, he was surpris'd to be advertis'd by his servant, that the nobleman, at whose house he had been, was behind driving furiously, as if he was desirous to overtake him. The marquis had scarce left St. Germain's, when the distribution of the money he had given, caused a great disturbance amongst the servants; who exalting their own services and attendance, complain'd of the maître d'hôtel's partiality. The nobleman hearing an unusual noise in his family, and, upon enquiry into the matter, finding what it was, took the ten pistoles himself, and, causing horses to be put to his chariot, made all haste that was possible after the marquis of Ormond. The marquis, upon notice of his approach, got off his horse, as the other quitted his chariot, and advanced to embrace him with great affection and respect; but was strangely surpris'd to find a coldness in the nobleman

man which forbad all embraces, 'till he had received satisfaction in a point which had given him great offence. He asked the marquis, if he had reason to complain of any disrespect, or other defect, which he had met with in the too-mean, but friendly, entertainment, which his house had afforded? and being answered by the marquis, that his treatment had been full of civility; that he had never passed so many days more agreeably in his life; and could not but wonder why the other should suspect the contrary; the nobleman then told him, that the leaving ten pistoles to be distributed among the servants, was treating his house as an inn, and was the greatest affront that could be offered to a man of quality; that he paid his own servants well, and had hired them to wait on his friends as well as himself; that he had considered him as a stranger, that might be unacquainted with the customs of France, and err through some practice deemed

deemed less dishonourable in his own country; otherwise his resentment should have prevented any expostulation: but as the case stood, after having explained the nature of the affair, he must either redress the mistake by receiving back the ten pistoles, or give him the usual satisfaction of men of honour for an avowed affront. The marquis acknowledged his error, took back his money, and returned to Paris with less anxiety about his subsistence.

The late marshal Wade, it is well known, had too great an itch for gaming, and frequented places of all kinds where gaming was going forward, without being very nice as to the company meeting there: at one of which places one night, in the eagerness of his diversion, he pulled out an exceeding valuable gold snuff-box, richly set with diamonds, took a pinch, and passed it round; keeping the dice-box four or five mains before he was out; when

recollecting something of the circumstance, and not perceiving the snuff-box, he swore vehemently no man should stir 'till it was produced, and a general search should ensue. On his right sat a person dressed as an officer, though shabby, that now and then, with great humility, begged the honour to be permitted going a shilling with him, and had, by that means, picked up four or five. On him the suspicion fell, and it was proposed to search him first; who, desiring to be heard, declared, 'I know the marshal well, yet he, nor all the powers upon earth, shall not subject me to be searched whilst I have life to oppose it. I declare, on the honour of a soldier, I know nothing of the snuff-box, and hope that will satisfy the man doubting: follow me into the next room, where I will defend that honour or perish.' The eyes of all were turned on the marshal for an answer, who, clapping his hand eagerly down for his sword, felt the snuff-box

(supposed to have passed round, and clapped there from habit) in a secret pocket of his breeches, made for that purpose. It is hardly to be conceived the confusion that covered him, on the occasion, that he had so slightly given way to suspicion. Remorse, mixed with compassion and tenderness for the wounded character (because poor) of his fellow-soldier, attacked him at once so forcibly, that he could only say to him, on leaving the room immediately, ‘Sir, I here, with great reason, ask your pardon, and hope to find it granted, from your breakfasting with me, and hereafter ranking me amongst your friends.’ It may be easily supposed the invitation was complied with; when, after some conversation, the marshal conjured him to say what could be the true reason that he should refuse being searched. ‘Why, marshal,’ returned the officer, ‘being upon half-pay, and friendless, I am obliged to husband every penny: I had that day very little appetite; and,

'and, as I could not eat what I had paid for,
 'nor afford to lose it, the leg and wing
 'of a fowl, with a manchets, were then
 'wrapped up in a piece of paper in my
 'pocket, the thought of which being
 'found there, appeared ten times more
 'terrible than fighting the room round.'—
 'Enough! my dear boy: you have said
 'enough! your name? Let us dine at
 'Sweet's to-morrow: we must prevent
 'your being subjected again to such a di-
 'lemma.' They met next day, and the
 marshal presented him a captain's com-
 mission, with a purse of guineas, to enable
 him to join the regiment.

In the year of Rome 246, Porfena laid
 siege to that city, and reduced it to great
 distress; when Mucius Cordus, a young
 Roman of noble birth, formed a design
 for the relief of his country. He desired
 permission of the consuls and senate to
 cross the Tyber, and go into the enemy's
 E 2 camp,

camp, where he meant to do some great exploit, at a great hazard; and he begged, as his only recompence, that, in case he fell in the dangerous attempt to serve his country, his zeal might not be buried in oblivion, but proclaimed after his death. The consuls and senate having encouraged him to undertake any thing in the present exigence, he dressed himself in an Etrurian habit, and, with a poignard hid under his cloaths, left the city. As he spoke the language of the Etrurians perfectly well, he easily got into their camp, and made his way quite into the king's tent. It happened to be the day on which the troops were reviewed and paid. Porfena's secretary, magnificently dressed, was sitting on the same tribunal with the king, giving audience, and receiving petitions. Mucius mistook him for the king himself; leaped upon the tribunal, and, with one stroke of his poignard, laid him dead at the king's feet. He then attempted to escape,

escape, but was seized, and brought back to the presence of Porfena. ‘Thou execrable assassins,’ said the king, ‘who art thou? Whence com’st thou? Who are thy accomplices?’ Mucius, with a haughty countenance, that struck more terror than it expressed fear, answered, That his name was Caius Mucius; that he was a Roman, and that Roman bravery made him capable of attempting whatever man could do, and of suffering whatever man could endure. Porfena, filled with amazement at his answer, was yet more astonished, when he saw him with a steady countenance, and a look which testified his inward rage at having missed his aim, thrust his right-hand into a pan of burning coals, and there let it broil, without shewing any signs of pain. The king’s resentment changed wholly into admiration: he granted him life and liberty, and even restored him the dagger, with which he had designed to stab him; and, because

Mucius had lost the use of his right hand, took it with his left, and had thence the surname of Scævola, i. e. left-handed. The Roman was no less surprized at the king's generosity, than the king had been at his intrepid boldness: however, he had the presence of mind to invent a story for the service of his country. He pretended to be moved by the king's goodness to discover to him a secret, which, he said, no torments could have extorted from him: That three hundred young Romans, all as resolute as himself, and who were dispersed in the Hetrurian camp, had bound themselves, by the most sacred oaths, to attempt his life, one after another, at the like hazard he had done. This discourse struck Porfena once more with terror; and having ordered Mucius to withdraw, he called a council to deliberate upon the best means to preserve himself from the dangers with which he was threatened. His son Aruns, a great admirer of the
Roman

Roman virtue, advised him to render all precautions needless, by concluding a peace with the Romans. The king readily listened to this proposal, and soon after concluded a peace. Mucius Scævola for this noble enterprize, had a statue erected, and a large piece of ground given him by the Romans.

Charles Matera, a Neapolitan poet, who lived at that time in Rome (in the pontificate of Sixtus V.), had published a small book of poems, in compliment to some ladies; amongst whom, there was one whose name was Isabella, a woman of unsported character, and the wife of an advocate, with whom he had lately had a quarrel. After he had said a great many fine things of her, in the first lines of every stanza, he always concluded in this manner:

“ But Isabella is a whore.”

These being handed about the town, a copy of them fell into the hands of the advocate, and he carried it strait to the pope, who gave immediate orders to the provost-marshal, to apprehend and bring Matera before him; as he had a mind to interrogate him himself, and know the truth of the accusation from his own mouth.

The advocate, who was afraid Matera would run away, and he should lose his revenge, made so diligent a search after him, that he was arrested that day. When he saw himself surrounded by the archers, and hurried away to the vatican, he was strangely surprized; being quite ignorant of the cause, though he began to suspect it, upon sight of the advocate amongst the archers. When he came before the pope, who had the verses in his hand, being asked by him, Whether he was the author of them? he ingenuously confessed he was: either expecting to meet with some favour for speaking the truth; or because he knew

it

it was in vain to deny it, as there was sufficient proof against him. Sixtus then ordered him to read the verses himself: and when he came to the line that reflected upon Isabella, he made him repeat it twice; asking, what had provoked him to take such liberties with the reputation of a modest woman? To which he answered, ‘I solemnly protest and swear to you, most holy father, that I had not the least intention to wound the fame of this lady; and if there is any thing that seems abusive, or reflecting upon her, in my verses, it is merely poetical licence. Your holiness, I am sure, very well knows, that there is nothing so firmly established, and so generally allowed in the world, as the liberty that has ever been taken by painters and poets: and you will please to take notice, most holy father, that the word *fontana*, which ends the last verse but one of every stanza, puts me under a necessity, for rhyme’s sake, of using the

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‘ word *puttana* [a whore] without any de-
 ‘ sign to make the world believe that she is
 ‘ really so; but to give more grace and
 ‘ beauty to the lines, by the richness and
 ‘ harmony of the rhyme.’ The standers-by
 could not help smiling at so poor an excuse,
 and the gravity with which the pope heard
 him: who, looking sternly at him, said,
 ‘ If poetasters, like you, are allowed such
 ‘ licence, surely the pope may expect the
 ‘ same indulgence. Let us see then, if we
 ‘ can’t compose a couplet, with the assistance
 ‘ of a little poetical licence:’ and, having
 paused a moment, or two, he brought
 forth the two following lines:

‘ Merita ben questo Signor Matera
 ‘ D’haver per stanza propria un galera.’

‘ *Good Master Sing-song, for being so arch,*
 ‘ *Thou surely this day, to the galleys shalt march.*’

‘ Pray, Sir,’ says he, ‘ what do you think
 ‘ of our extempore performance? How
 ‘ does

' does it sound in your ear? Are the rhymes
 ' rich and full?' But the poor poet, half
 dead, and ready to sink into the earth
 with fear, not being able to make any an-
 swer, Sixtus ordered him to be carried
 away to prison. The judge-criminal, who
 was present, asking him, If he was in
 earnest, and really designed he should be
 condemned to the galleys? he answered,
 in a great rage, ' How dare you presume
 ' to ask such a question? Can you make
 ' any scruple of passing this sentence upon
 ' him? If we leave such an insolent outrage
 ' unpunished for the ridiculous excuse of
 ' poetical licence, some impertinent scrib-
 ' bler will, shortly, take the liberty of
 ' calling us ourselves ignominious names,
 ' on a pretence of its being necessary, for
 ' the rhyme and cadence of the verse. Is
 ' it not right then to prevent such conse-
 ' quences, by making an example of this
 ' fellow?' The governor finished the
 process that day, and condemned him for

five years to the galleys; notwithstanding the solicitations of the Ursini family, under whose protection he was, and the interposition of cardinal Montallo (the Pope's nephew), to whom he had dedicated a poem upon Sixtus's coronation, which had met with the approbation of many people of taste, and was said to have some merit.

In the year 1726, an accident happened to Mr. Pope, which was near proving fatal to him; as he was returning home from a visit in a friend's chariot, which, on passing a bridge, happened to be overturned, and thrown with the horses into the river. The glasses were up, and he was not able to break them, so that he was in immediate danger of drowning: when the postilion, who had just recovered himself, came to his relief; and, after breaking the glass which was uppermost, took him out and carried him to the bank: but a fragment of the broken glass cut one of his hands

hands so desperately, that he lost the use of two of his fingers. Voltaire was at this time in England, and, on this occasion, sent Pope a consolatory letter: it was written in these very words:

“SIR,

“I hear this moment of your sad adventure. That water you fell in was not Hippocrene’s water; otherwise it would have respected you. Indeed, I am concerned, beyond expression, for the danger you have been in, and more for your wounds. Is it possible that those fingers, which have written the Rape of the Lock, and the criticisms which have dressed Homer so becomingly in an English coat, should have been so barbarously treated! Let the hand of Dennis, or, of your poetasters, be cut off! your’s is sacred. I hope, Sir, you are now perfectly recovered: really your accident concerns me as much as all the disasters of a master
ought

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' ought to affect his scholar. I am sincere-
' ly, Sir, with the admiration which you
' deserve,

VOLTAIRE.'

It is much to be lamented that this lively writer, who is so eminent for his literary abilities, should be shamefully deficient in the moral and social virtues. How lightly he regarded the rules of decency, and the dictates of faith and honour, may be collected from the following anecdotes: Mr. Pope told one of his most intimate friends, that the poet Voltaire had got some recommendation to him, when he came to England, and that the first time he saw him was at Twickenham, where he kept him to dinner. Mrs. Pope (a most excellent woman) was then alive; and, observing that this stranger, who appeared to be entirely emaciated, had no stomach, she expressed her concern for his want of appetite; on which Voltaire gave so inde-
licate

licate and brutal an account of the occasion of his disorder contracted in Italy, that the poor lady was obliged immediately to rise from table. When Mr. Pope related this, his friends asked him, How he could forbear ordering his servant John to thrust Voltaire, head-and-shoulders, out of his house. He replied, There was more of ignorance in this conduct, than a purposed affront; that Voltaire came into England, as other foreigners do, on a prepossession that not only all religion, but all common decency of morals, was lost amongst us. Mr. Pope said, farther, that Voltaire was a spy for the court, while he staid in England; of which he gave his friend the following instance. When the first occasional letter to Sir Robert Walpole came out, (by which circumstance the reader may collect the time of Voltaire's voyage hither) he made Mr. Pope a visit at Twickenham; and, walking with him in his garden, he said, 'Pope, this occasional letter alarms
' the

'the court extremely : it is finely written.
 'As you converse much with the best pens
 'in public business, you must know the au-
 'thor. You may safely tell this secret to a
 'stranger, who has no concerns with your
 'national quarrels.' Mr. Pope said, He
 perfectly understood him, as he knew his
 character ; and, to make a trial, which
 hardly needed any, he replied, 'Mr. Vol-
 'taire, you are a man of honour ; I may
 'safely, I know, trust an important secret
 'in your breast. I myself wrote it.' Vol-
 taire, after launching out into high enco-
 miums on the performance, was, he per-
 ceived, impatient to get away ; and next
 day he heard, that all the court reported
 he was the author. This infamy of the
 man gave Mr. Pope and his friends much
 occasion of mirth, and much light in the
 manner how he ought to be treated. How he
 was treated ever after by Mr. Pope him-
 self, appears from what passed on Voltaire's
 coming to take leave of Mr. Pope on his
 return

return to France. After the common compliments had passed, Mr. Pope told his friend, that Voltaire took his leave of him in these words: 'And now I am come to bid farewell to a man, who never treated me seriously from the first hour of my acquaintance with him, to this moment.' Mr. Pope said, the observation was just, and the reason of his conduct has been given above. Voltaire, however, constantly paid court to Mr. Pope, and treated him with all the deference and respect due to his merit; though, at the same time, he did not scruple to speak lightly of some of the most eminent authors of this country; particularly of Milton. It is well known, that, while this very ingenious free-thinker was in England, the darling subject of his conversation was Milton; whom he once took occasion to abuse, for his episode of Death and Sin. Whereupon, a certain wit turned the laugh

laugh against him, by the following smart impromptu :

‘ Thou art so witty, profligate, and thin,

‘ Thou’rt Milton’s devil, with his Death and Sin.’

We are not told who this certain wit was ; but if we recollect aright, it was the celebrated Dr. Young ; a writer, at that time, as well as since, of very different disposition and principles from Voltaire.

Chevalier Bayard, a man of great valour, and high reputation, and distinguished amongst his contemporaries by the appellation of, the Knight without Fear, and without Reproach ; one morning as he was dressing, ordered his lacquey to bring him home, in the evening, ‘ a fille de joye.’ The fellow wise, and prompt to do evil, had, it seems, for some time, addressed himself to an old gentlewoman of decayed fortune, who had a young maiden to her daughter, of very great beauty, and not yet sixteen years of age. The mother’s
extreme

extreme poverty, and the insinuations of this artful pander, concerning the soft disposition and generosity of his master, made her, at length, deliver up her daughter. But many were the intreaties and representations of the mother, to gain her child's consent to an action, which, she said, she abhorred even while she exhorted her to it: 'But, my child,' says she, 'can you see your mother die for hunger?' The virgin argued no longer, but bursting into tears, declared she would go any where. The lacquey conveyed her, with great obsequiousness and secrecy, to his master's lodgings, and placed her in a commodious apartment 'till he came home. The chevalier, at his return, was met by his lacquey (with that saucy familiarity, which vice never fails to inspire, between ranks however unequal), who told him, with a diabolical exultation, 'She is as handsome as an angel, but the fool has wept, 'till her eyes are swelled and bloated; for
' she

‘she is a maiden and a gentlewoman.’ With that, he conducted his master to the room where she was, and retired. The chevalier, when he saw her bathed with tears, said, in some surprize, ‘Don’t you know, young woman, why you were brought hither?’ The unhappy maid instantly fell on her knees, and, with many interruptions of sighs and tears, said to him, ‘Yes, Sir, too well: alas! I know why I am brought hither: my mother, to get bread for her and myself, has sent me to do what you please: but would it please Heaven, I could die before I am added to the number of those miserable wretches, who live without honour!’ With this reflection she wept a new, and beat her bosom. The chevalier, stepping from her, said, ‘I am not so abandoned, as to hurt your innocence against your will.’ The novelty of this accident surprised him into virtue; and, covering the young maid with a cloke, he led her to a relation’s.

relation's house, to whose care he recommended her for that night. The next morning, he sent for her mother, and asked her, if her daughter was the virtuous creature she so amiably appeared to be: the mother assured him of her spotless purity, till at least the late period, when she delivered her up to his servant. 'And are not you then,' cried the chevalier, 'a wicked woman, to contrive the debauchery of your own daughter?' She held down her head with fear and shame, and, in her confusion, uttered some broken words concerning her poverty. 'Far be it,' said the knight, 'that you should relieve yourself from want by a much greater evil! Your daughter is a fine young creature: do you know of none that ever spoke of her for a wife?' The mother answered, 'There is an honest man in our neighbourhood that loves her, who has often said he would marry her with 200*l*.' The knight ordered his man to

reckon out that sum, with an addition of fifty to buy the bride-clothes, and fifty more to support the mother.

When the late celebrated count Zinzendorf (founder of a sect of religion called Moravians) was employed upon the mission in North America, addressing himself to an assembly of the chiefs of one of the Indian nations, on the subject of Christianity, they ingenuously confessed themselves to be rude and unskilful, and utterly unqualified to make any judgment in the affair; telling him, that, in all points of religion, it was a constant rule with them, to follow the example of their next neighbours, who were more knowing: they therefore referred him to them. The count accordingly went to those people, who were distinguished by the character of the Knowing-ones, not without hopes of meeting with all the success he desired. In those flattering views he presently called

the chiefs of the nation together, who met him with all the wished-for readiness; whereupon asking them, if ever they had heard any thing of Jesus Christ: 'Yes surely,' replied they, 'we knew Jesus Christ very well: Jesus Christ was a Frenchman, that was murdered by those rogues the English.'

Notwithstanding the severity, and morose humour of pope Sixtus V. he would sometimes divert himself with pleasant and humorous entertainments; amongst which, he took a particular pleasure to read a book of memoirs, or recital of several events, which he had wrote when he was a young friar for his own remembrance; the which, being now a pope, he was much delighted to read, and contemplate. One thereof was, that being at Macerata, he had occasion to buy a pair of shoes, for which the shoe-maker demanded seven scellio, or three shillings and six-pence English.

lish. Felix, desirous to get them cheaper, offered him three shillings, and assured him, that, some time or other, he would bring him the other six-pence: 'Yes,' said the shoe-maker, 'but when? when you are pope, I warrant you.' 'Yes,' said he, 'stay but till then, and I promise to pay you the money with full interest till that time.' The shoe-maker, laughing, delivered him the shoes, and said, 'Since I find you disposed to accept the popedom, be sure you remember to pay this debt, when you are exalted to that dignity.' Sixtus, reading this passage in his book, immediately wrote to Macerata, to know if this shoe-maker was living: which when he understood, he ordered the governor of the place to send him up by one of his officers. The poor shoe-maker was surprized, and affrighted with the news, that the pope desired to see him in Rome; for he neither remembered any thing either of the shoes, or of the julio,

being

being a matter of forty years standing; so that at every step he made, he was still thinking and wondering at this summons, recalling to mind all the sins he had committed in his life, considering for which he was thither cited. Being come to Rome, and introduced to the pope's presence, he asked him, Whether he remembered ever to have seen him at Macerata? The poor shoe-maker, trembling, told him, 'No.' 'Nor do you remember ever to have sold me a pair of shoes?' 'No', said the poor fellow, shrinking up his shoulders. 'But,' said the pope, 'I well remember that I am your debtor, and have sent for you to pay you your money; for I owe you a julio on account of a pair of shoes, which I am now to pay you with interest according to agreement:' and so calling for the steward of his house to pay him the julio, with the interest upon it for forty years, which amounted to two julios more, his holiness then dismissed the shoe-maker, bid-

ding him go home in peace. The shoe-maker having received his three julios, murmured, and complained very much, that the pope should send for him, and bring him from so remote a place, and from his trade and employment, which was above twenty crowns expence and charge to him, only to give him three julios, or eighteen-pence; which he always carried in his hand, and complained to every one he met. The news of the shoe-maker's lamentation being brought to the pope by his spies, he presently sent for him again, and demanded of him if he had a son? The shoe-maker answered, 'Yes;' and that he was an honest good priest of the order of the Servi; upon which, Felix ordered him to be called to Rome, and, before the departure of his father, invested him in a small bishoprick in the kingdom of Naples, and bid the shoe-maker make up his account, and see to what sum the interest of his julio had amounted.

Jeremy

Jeremy White (one of Oliver Cromwell's domestic chaplains) a sprightly man, and a top wit of his court, was so ambitious as to make his addressee to lady Frances, the Protector's youngest daughter. The young lady did not discourage him; and this piece of innocent gallantry, in so religious a court, could not be carried on without spies. Oliver was told of it, and he was much concerned at it; obliging the person who told him to be on the watch; and told him if he could give him any substantial proof, he should be very well rewarded, and White severely punished. The spy followed the matter so close, that he hunted Jerry White (as he was generally termed) to the lady's chamber, and ran immediately to the protector with this news. Oliver, in a rage, hastened thither himself, and, going in hastily, found Jerry on his knees, kissing the lady's hand, or having just kissed it. Cromwell, in a fury, asked what was the meaning of that

posture before his daughter Frank? White, with a great deal of presence of mind, said, 'May it please your highness, I have a long time courted that young gentleman there, my lady's woman, and cannot prevail; I was therefore humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for me.' The protector, turning to the young woman, cried, 'What's the meaning of this hussy? Why do you refuse the honour Mr. White would do you? He is my friend, and I expect you should treat him as such.' My lady's woman, who desired nothing more, with a very low curtsy, replied, 'If Mr. White intends me that honour I shall not be against him.' 'Say you so, my lass,' cried Cromwell; 'call Godwyn: this business shall be done presently, before I go out of the room.' Mr. White was gone too far to go back: the parson came, Jerry and my lady's woman were married in the presence of the protector, who gave her five hundred pounds

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pounds for her portion; and that, with the money she had saved before, made Mr. White easy in his circumstances, except in one thing, which was, that he never loved his wife nor she him, though they lived together near fifty years afterwards.

When Gizziello first sung at Rome, his performance so far enchanted every hearer, that it became the general subject of conversation, which not only contributed to spread his fame through that city, but extended it to the most remote parts of Italy. It is natural to suppose, that the account of this musical phenomenon soon reached Naples; and equally natural to imagine that it was not heard with indifference in a place where so powerful a propensity to musical pleasure prevails. Cafferelli, at this time in the zenith of his reputation, was so far piqued by curiosity, perhaps by jealousy, that he took an opportunity, the first time he could be spared from the opera

at Naples, to ride post all night, in order to hear his rival at Rome. He entered the pit, muffled up in a pellice, or fur gown, unknown by any one there; and after he had heard Gizzielo sing a song, he cried out as loud as he possibly could, 'Bravo! Bravissimo! Gizzielo!' è Caffarelli che ti lo dice. '*It is Cafferelli who applauds.*' And immediately quitting the theatre, he set out on his return to Naples the same night,

Soon after the duel between Lord Bellamont and Lord Townshend, Mr. Foote dined with the latter. They had bad wines, and a very ill-dressed dinner: these circumstances could not pass unnoticed by our witty Aristophanes, who, with a very grave face, gave the subject a very serious turn, by observing to his lordship, that he was surprized at his fighting Lord Bellamont, when many methods as efficacious might have been taken, without so fatal a risk.

risk. 'How, my dear Foote, could I
 'avoid it?' replied his lordship, eagerly.
 'How, my lord! why you should have
 'asked his lordship to dinner, and have
 'poisoned him as you have done us.'

Nothing is unworthy of publication
 which may convey an useful lesson to man-
 kind. Sir William Gooch being in con-
 versation with a gentleman, in a street of
 the city of Williamsburgh, returned the
 salute of a negro, who was passing by,
 about his master's business. 'Sir,' said
 the gentleman, 'do you descend so far as
 'to salute a slave?' 'Why,' replied the
 governor, 'yes; I cannot suffer a man of
 'his condition, to exceed me in good man-
 'ners.' Perhaps, never reprimand was
 more delicate. How different an impres-
 sion the following incident gives us of ano-
 ther governor of Virginia! The laws of
 that country were formerly oppressive to
 the quakers: lord Howard of Effingham

Having an aversion to those sectaries, put them rigidly in execution; in consequence of which, they suffered many vexations. A deputation of them at length, waited upon him at Turkey Island, requesting mitigation of his severity. On his absolute refusal; 'Well,' replied their chief, 'the Lord's will then be done!' 'Yes, by G-d,' answered the governor, 'and the Lord's [meaning himself] will shall be done, I give you my word.'

Few people were greater admirers of prudence and œconomy than Sir Richard Steele was in precept, yet nothing could be more disagreeable to his temper than the practice of either. A turn naturally gay and expensive, frequently reduced him to some circumstances, rather painful to a disposition so delicate and refined. Among the number of people, who were highly charmed with his conversation and writings, none possessed a greater admiration
of

of both than a Lincolnshire baronet, who usually sat at Button's. This gentleman possessed a very large fortune, had great interest, and more than once solicited Sir Richard Steele to command his utmost ability, and he should think himself under no little obligation. These offers, though made with the most seeming cordiality, Sir Richard, however, declined, with a grateful politeness peculiar to himself, as at that time he stood in no need of the gentleman's assistance. But some instance of extravagance having once reduced him to the necessity of borrowing a sum of money, to satisfy an importunate creditor, he thought this a very proper opportunity of calling on his friend, and requesting the loan of a hundred pounds for a few days. The gentleman received him with much civility and respect, and began to renew his offers of service, and begged Sir Richard would give him some occasion to shew his friendship and regard. 'Why, Sir,' says Sir Richard,

Richard, 'I came for that very purpose; and if you can lend me a hundred pounds, for a few days, I shall consider it as a singular favour.' Had Sir Richard clapped a pistol to his breast, and made a peremptory demand of his money, the gentleman could not have appeared in a greater surprize, than at this unexpected request. His offers of friendship had been only made, on a supposition of their never being accepted, and intended only as so many baits for Sir Richard's intimacy and acquaintance; of which the gentleman, while it cost him nothing, was particularly proud. Recovering, however, from his surprize, he stammered out, 'Why really, Sir Richard, I would serve you to the utmost of my power, but, at present, I have not twenty guineas in the house.' Sir Richard, who saw the pitiful evasion, was heartily vexed at the meanness and excuse. 'And so, Sir,' says he, 'you have drawn me in to expose the situ-

'ation of my affairs, with a promise of
 'assistance, and now refuse me any mark
 'of your friendship or esteem. A disap-
 'pointment I can bear, but must by no
 'means put up with an insult; therefore,
 'be so obliging as to consider whether it
 'is more agreeable to comply with the
 'terms of my request, or to submit to the
 'consequences of my resentment.' Sir
 Richard spoke this in so determined a
 tone, that the baronet was startled; and
 said, seeming to recollect himself, 'Lord,
 'my dear Sir Richard, I beg ten thousand
 'pardons; upon my honour, I did not
 'remember. Bless me! I have a hundred
 'pound note in my pocket, which is en-
 'tirely at your service.' So saying, he pro-
 duced the note; which Sir Richard imme-
 diately put up, and then addressed him in
 the following manner: 'Though I despise
 'an obligation to a person of so mean a
 'cast, as I am satisfied you are, yet rather
 'than be made a fool, I choose to accept of

‘ this hundred pounds, which I shall return
 ‘ when it suits my conveniency : but that
 ‘ the next favour you confer may be done
 ‘ with a better grace, I must take the li-
 ‘ berty of pulling you by the nose, as a
 ‘ proper expedient to preserve your
 recollection.” Which Sir Richard accord-
 ingly did, and then took his leave ; whilst
 the poor baronet stood surprized at the od-
 dity of his behaviour, and heartily ashamed
 at the meanness of his own.

When the English sailors were destroy-
 ing the French fleet at La Hogue, in 1692,
 a generous exclamation burst from James
 II. (who beheld the action from an emi-
 nence near the French army): for when
 he saw the seamen, in swarms, scrambling
 up the high sides of the French ships from
 their boats, he cried out, “ Ah, none but
 ‘ my brave English could do so brave an
 ‘ action !” Some of the guns, which had
 been discharged, went off, whilst the ves-
 sels

fels were burning to the water's edge, and a few of the balls passed near James's person, and killed some of those who were around him. He then said, in the anguish of his heart, Heaven fought against him; and retired to his tent. The original severity of James's mind had been softened into tenderness by misfortunes. Sir Charles Lyttelton, having some time before, said to him, He was ashamed that his son was with the prince of Orange; the unhappy monarch interrupted him with these words, 'Alas! Sir Charles, why ashamed; are not my daughters with him?'

This Sir Charles Lyttelton was one of king James's brigadiers-general: after the Revolution, king William offered him a regiment, and to send him major-general to Flanders, making him, at the same time, some compliments upon the sentiments which he had often expressed against the growth of the French power. This Sir Charles

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Charles declined accepting. The king asked his reason, 'Because,' said the knight, 'I received great obligations from my old master: I hear he will be in the French camp; and if he should be there, I cannot answer for myself, that I should not desert to him.' The king answered, 'You are a man of honour; I will not desire you to act against your principles. Disturb not the government, and we shall be very good friends.'

The very ingenious and amiable bishop Berkeley, of Cloyne in Ireland, was so intirely contented with his income in that diocese, that when offered by the late earl of Chesterfield (then lord lieutenant) a bishoprick much more beneficial than that he possessed, he declined it with these words: 'I love my neighbours, and they love me: why then should I begin in my old days to form new connections, and tear myself from those friends, whose
kind-

'kindness is to me the greatest happiness I
'can enjoy?' Acting in this instance like
the celebrated Plutarch, who, being asked,
Why he resided in his native city, so ob-
scure and so little? 'I stay,' said he, 'lest
'it should grow less.'

The first season [1699] the Fair Peni-
tent was acted, Lothario, after he is killed
by Altamont in the fourth act, lies dead
by proxy in the fifth; raised on a bier
covered with black. Mr. Powell played
Lothario, and one Warren, his dresser,
claimed a right of lying for his master, and
performing the dead part of Lothario,
which he proposed to act to the best advan-
tage; though Powell was ignorant of the
matter. The fifth act began, and went
on, as usual, with applause; but, about the
middle of the distressful scene, Powell call-
ed aloud for his man Warren, who as-
loudly replied, from the bier on the stage,
'Here, Sir.' Powell (who as we said be-
fore,

fore, was ignorant of the part his man was doing) repeated, without loss of time, 'Come here this moment, you son of a whore!' or I'll break all the bones in your skin.' Warren knew his hasty temper; therefore, without any reply, jumped off with all his fables about him, which unfortunately were tied fast to the handles of the bier, and dragged it after him. But this was not all: the laugh and roar began in the audience, till it frightened poor Warren so much, that, with the bier at his tail, he threw down Calista [Mrs. Barry] and overwhelmed her with the table, lamp, books, bones, together with all the lumber of the charnel-house: he tugged, till he broke off his trammels, and made his escape; and the play at once ended with an immoderate fit of laughter.

At the rehearsal of one of Voltaire's tragedies, Mr. Cramer, bookseller at Geneva (and the author's own immediate publisher)

lister) was finishing his part, which was to end with some dying sentences; when Voltaire, all despotic over those he thinks his dependents, cries out aloud, 'Cramer, you lived like a prince for the four preceding acts, but in the fifth you die like a bookseller.' Dr. Tronchin, the Boerhaave of this age, being present, could not help, in kindness, interfering; adding with-
 all, 'Why, Monf. de Voltaire, can you expect gentlemen to be at this expence of dresses, and fatigue of getting such long parts, if you thus continue to upbraid them? On the contrary, I think they all deserve the greatest encouragement at your hands; and, as to my friend Cramer, I declare, that, as far as I am a judge, he dies with the same dignity he lived.' Voltaire, who detests advice, or being informed by an inferior (for an author is, in his eye, beyond even an *Æsculapius*, were he living) made this cool answer; 'Pr'ythee, doctor, when you have
 ' got

'got kings to kill, kill them your own way ; but let me kill mine as I please.'

Some time about the year 1761, a living in Caermarthenshire, in the gift of Dr. Squire, late bishop of St. David's, being vacant, his lordship received a letter from the earl of B——, recommending one Mr. L——, in the strongest terms, to his lordship, and intimating, that, if his lordship had not fixed on a person to supply the living of ——, he should be much obliged to him, if he would present his friend Mr. L—— to it, and that his lordship might command his [the earl's] interest for himself or friends at any time, &c. It happened, before the bishop returned an answer to the earl, that a poor curate, miserably dressed, came to his house, he being then at Abergavilly, and sent in a letter to his lordship. This letter was writtten by himself to the bishop, in which he set forth, That he had a wife and five children;

dren; that his income was but —, and that therefore they wanted the common necessities of life; that he had no friend to recommend him; but, hearing of the goodness of his lordship's heart, and his liberal way of thinking and acting, he was come to petition his lordship for the living of —; he hoped, at least, that his lordship would pardon his presumption; for though the method of application was uncommon, yet so was his lordship's generosity; and, notwithstanding, he had no particular claim to his favour by interest or dependance, he had, however, a general claim to it, as being an honest man; which to his lordship was no small recommendation. The bishop ordered him in, gave him a dinner, for he had walked upwards of twenty Welch miles, required a testimonium of his good behaviour, which he produced, found him well acquainted with polite literature, and the mathematics, and, in short, not only presented him to the living,

living, but gave him the money to discharge the expences of the institution. May the memory of this action remain as long as any language can convey ideas to posterity! and, as the grateful remembrance of Dr. Squire's goodness is indelibly fixed in the hearts of the whole family who are made thus happy, so let the record of this deed stand in the page of history, and may time itself never be able to efface it!

Mr. Prior, whose rhymes in his humorous pieces are frequently half words, sent a performance to the press, with a line that ended with the syllable *del*; the printer, who was afterwards lord mayor of London, and consequently we must suppose him a man of some learning, thinking it stood for the Latin word, *dele*, *leave out*, omitted the syllable and put a stop to the rhyme. Prior sent back the proof sheet, and restored *del*: the printer, who was

well

well acquainted with *dele*, but knew not what to make of *del*, compleated the line by printing *dele*. This blunder entirely spoiled the rhyme, and made nonsense of the passage. Prior, out of all patience, again blotted out *dele*, and writ in its place *dele with a p*x*; and the printer returned the sheet, ending the line by *del with a p*x*.

In the year 1695, a Piedmontese, who styled himself Count Caraffa, came to Vienna, and privately waited on the prime minister, pretending he was sent by the duke of Savoy on a very important affair, which they two were to negotiate without the privacy of the French court. At the same time he produced his credentials, in which the duke's seal and signature were very exactly imitated. He met with a very favourable reception, and, without affecting any privacy, took upon him the title of Envoy extraordinary from the Court of Savoy.

Savoy. He had several conferences with the imperial council, and made so great a figure in the most distinguished assemblies, that once at a private concert at court, the captain of the guard denying him admittance, he demanded satisfaction in his master's name, and the officer was obliged to ask his pardon. His first care was to ingratiate himself with the Jesuits, who, at that time, bore a great sway at court; and in order to this, he went to visit their church, which remaining unfinished, as they pretended from the low circumstances of the society, he asked them, How much would complete it? An estimate to the amount of two thousand louis d'ors being laid before him, Caraffa assured them of his constant attachment to their order; that he had gladly embraced such a public opportunity of shewing his esteem for them, and that they might immediately proceed to finishing their church. In consequence of his promise, he sent, that very day,

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day, the two thousand louis-d'ors, at which sum the charge had been computed. He was very sensible that this was a part he could not act long without being detected; and that this piece of generosity might not be at his own expence, he invited a great number of ladies of the first rank to supper and a ball. Every one of the guests had promised to be there; but he complained to them all of the ill-returns made to his civilities, adding, that he had been often disappointed, as the ladies made no scruple of breaking their words on such occasions, and, in a jocular way, insisted on a pledge from every lady for their appearance at the time appointed. One gave him a ring, another a pearl necklace, a third a pair of ear-rings, a fourth a gold watch, and several such trinkets, to the amount of twelve thousand dollars. On the evening appointed, not one of the guests was missing; but it may easily be conceived what a damp it struck upon the whole

whole assembly, when it was at last found, that the gay Piedmontese was a sharper, and had disappeared. Nor had the Jesuits any great reason to applaud themselves on the success of their dissimulation; for, a few days before his departure, the pretended count, putting on an air of deep concern, placed himself in the way of the emperor's confessor, who enquired into the cause of his apparent melancholy. He intrusted him with an important secret, That he was short of money at a juncture when eight thousand louis-d'ors were immediately wanted for his master's affairs, to be distributed at the imperial court. The Jesuits, to whom he had given a recent instance of his liberality by so large a donation, immediately furnished him with the sum he wanted, and, with this acquisition and the ladies pledges, he thought he had carried his jests far enough, and very prudently withdrew from Vienna.

Th

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The extravagant and enthusiastic opinion Dennis had of the merit and importance of his tragedy, called *Liberty Asserted*, cannot be more properly evinced, than by the following anecdote: He imagined there were some strokes in it so severe upon the French nation, that they could never be forgiven, and consequently that Louis XIV. would not consent to a peace with England, unless he was delivered up as a sacrifice to national resentment. Nay, so far did he carry this apprehension, that, when the congress for the peace of Utrecht was in agitation, he waited upon the duke of Marlborough, who had formerly been his patron, to intreat his interest with the plenipotentiaries, that they should not consent to his being given up. The duke, however, told him, with great gravity, That he was sorry it was not in his power to serve him, as he really had no interest with any of the ministers at that time; but added, that he fancied his case not to

be quite so desperate as he seemed to imagine; for that indeed he had taken no care to get himself excepted in the articles of peace, and yet he could not help thinking, that he had done the French almost as much damage as Mr. Dennis himself. Another effect of this apprehension prevailing with him, is told as follows: That being invited down to a gentleman's house on the coast of Suffex, where he had been very kindly entertained for some time, as he was one day walking near the beach, he saw a ship sailing, as he imagined, towards him: on which, taking it into his head that he was betrayed, he immediately made the best of his way to London, without even taking leave of his host, who had been so civil to him, but, on the contrary, proclaimed him to every body as a traitor, who had decoyed him down to his house only in order to give notice to the French, who had fitted out a vessel on purpose to carry

carry him off, if he had not luckily discovered their design.

The late Dr. Goldsmith's popularity being much increased since the success of his comedy of *She stoops to Conquer*, the curiosity of the public will probably receive some gratification from the following characteristical anecdotes of that ingenious writer. The doctor hath been called, with more wit than good nature, the *Sancho Pancha* of English Literature, and represented as so singular and erudite an *etourdi*, that you would always be sure either to laugh with him, or at him. Certain it is, that the doctor's wit, like that of many other of his less ingenious countrymen, often bordered on absurdity; while his absence to the subject of discourse betrayed his real knowledge into apparent ignorance: hence it is, that a man capable of keeping up a conversation with the most learned, is often the butt of the most

illiterate. An instance of this happened not long since at a public tavern, where a certain comedian, with that air of modest assurance so peculiar to the stage, interrupted the doctor's discourse about ancient authors, by asking him, If he had ever seen Doddington upon gingerbread? 'Why, really,' says the doctor, taking some time to recollect himself, 'I do not remember that I have.' 'No, Sir!' replied the comedian, with an affected air of surprise; 'it is a work in two volumes, quarto.' 'Indeed!' returned the doctor, with great simplicity; 'I wonder I never met with it; for I have read every thing; but, in troth, it is an odd subject for an author to write on.' The player enjoyed the laugh at the doctor's expence; but had not the wit to tell him, that the gingerbread bakers have re-printed the alphabet, oftener than the printers have made new editions of the horn-book.

Another

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Another recent instance of the doctor's simplicity, which, though it might have done him no credit as a man of the world, will place his character in an amiable light as a man of feeling and humanity. The doctor having inadvertently paid an hackney-coachman a guinea instead of a shilling, and, with great consistency, forgot to take the number of the coach, was obliged to apply to the fraternity of the whip about Temple-Bar to find the coachman again, by the description of his person. The fellow being well known, the doctor had soon the satisfaction to be informed he was a very honest man, and would certainly return the guinea, if he knew where to find him. 'Well,' says the doctor, 'I am going to dine at the Devil, with my friend Dr. Johnson, and Mr. Stevens: if he should come before six o'clock, send him to me.' The doctor went to dinner, and before the cloth was taken away, the waiter informed him the coachman was

below stairs with his guinea. On this information, the doctor largely descanted on the singular honesty of the fellow, and the expediency of his being properly rewarded for it. This drew a voluntary subscription from the company of about nine shillings; which the doctor took down to the coachman, putting it into his hand, with many encomiums on his honesty; at the same time receiving the guinea from the coachman, which he slipped into his pocket: on turning to go up stairs, however, the honest hack-driver modestly reminded his honour, that he was not paid his fare; very arithmetically conceiving, that the nine shillings being given as a reward for his honesty, his fare was not included. ‘Right,’ cries the doctor; ‘there is a shilling for thee, my lad.’ ‘God bless your honour,’ returned John; ‘I see you know how to consider a poor man.’ Then artfully dropping, That, though poor he was honest, yet, God knew, he had a wife and

and four children ; concluding with a hint on family-sickness and the dearness of provisions : this melted the doctor, and drew another half-crown from his pocket, which he gave him, desiring he would then go about his business, lest he should take the silver back again, and return him the whole guinea. On this hint, the coachman declared himself fully satisfied ; and, with many scrapes and bows, took his leave. The doctor returned to his company, exulting to think he had met with so favourable an opportunity to reward honesty, and to indulge his natural propensity to benevolence. The company renewed their encomiums both on the coachman and the doctor ; but with what propriety was discovered, when, the reckoning being called, the doctor pulled out the guinea to discharge his quota : not, indeed, the identical guinea the doctor gave the coachman, but the guinea the coachman gave

the doctor, which, being of silver gilt, was worth just eight-pence halfpenny.

During the viceroyship of the late duke of Bedford in Ireland [1760], his secretary Mr. Rigby, being one evening playing at hazard in a public place, was very successful; and, having won a considerable sum, he was putting it in his purse; when a person behind, said, in a low voice to himself, 'Had I that sum, what a happy man should I be!' Mr. Rigby, without looking back, put the purse over his shoulder, saying, 'Take it, my friend, and be happy.' The stranger made no reply, but accepted it, and retired. Every one present was astonished at Mr. Rigby's uncommon beneficence, whilst he received additional pleasure on being informed, that the person who had received the present was a half-pay officer in great distress. Some years after, a gentleman waited upon him in his own equipage, in London,

and

and being introduced to Mr. Rigby, acquainted him that he came to acquit a debt he had contracted with him in Dublin. Mr. Rigby was greatly surprized at this declaration, as he was an entire stranger. 'Yes, Sir,' continued the visitor, 'you assisted me with above an hundred pounds, at a time that I was in the utmost indigence, without knowing or ever seeing me;' and then related the affair at the gaming table. 'With that money,' continued the stranger, 'I was enabled to pay some debts, and fit myself out for India, where I have been so lucky as to make an ample fortune.' Mr. Rigby declined taking the money, saying that, though he recollected the circumstance, he was unacquainted with the sum; but in a few days he received some valuable presents that amounted to much more than the money which he had bestowed.

The duke of York (afterwards James II.) having lulled his conscience to sleep by the declaration of his marriage to Mrs. Anne Hyde, the chancellor's daughter, that he might devote some of his leisure hours to inconstancy, in return for that generous effort, he therefore took up with one whom he soon found ready for his purpose: this was lady Carnegy (daughter of duke Hamilton), who had been free of her favours to many others. She was still handsome, and her good nature did not suffer her new lover to languish long. All succeeded as well as possible for some time; lord Carnegy, her husband, was still in Scotland; but his father dying suddenly, he returned from thence as suddenly, with the title of Southesk, which his wife hated: but which she took still more patiently than his return. He had had some hint of the honour that was done him in his absence. He would not immediately seem jealous; but, as it was very easy

to ascertain the truth of the fact, he kept an eye upon those of his wife. As this return put the lovers on their guard, the duke of York visited her only in form; that is to say, always accompanied by a friend, in order to give it the air of a visit. At this time, Talbot (afterwards duke of Tyrconnel) returned from Portugal. This connection had taken place during his absence; and, without his knowing who lady Southesk was, he learned that his master was in love with her. He was carried thither, for form's sake, a few days after. The duke introduced him. Some compliments passed on both sides; after which he thought it proper to leave his highness at liberty to pay his, and withdrew into the anti-chamber. This anti-chamber looked into the street. Talbot placed himself at the window, to observe the passers-by. He had the best disposition in the world for such adventures; but he was so subject to absence and inattention, that he

left at London the complimentary letter which the duke had given him for the Infanta of Portugal, and was not sensible of it, till the very time he had his audience. He stood therefore on guard, as has been mentioned, very attentive to his instructions, when he saw a chariot stop at the door, without being alarmed at it, and less still at the man whom he saw get out of it, and soon heard coming up stairs. The devil, who ought not to be spiteful on such occasions, brought thither lord Southesk in person. His highness's equipage had been dismissed, because lady Southesk had affirmed that her husband was gone to make a tour to the dogs, the bears and the bulls; fights which highly delighted him, and from which he seldom returned till very late. He little imagined that he had such good company at his house, seeing no carriage there; but, if he was at first surprized to see Talbot sitting at his ease in his wife's anti-chamber,

his

His surprise did not last long. Talbot had not seen him since his return from Flanders; and not suspecting he had changed his name, 'Good-morrow, Carnegy; good-morrow, my fat pig;' he cried, holding out his hand: 'where the deuce have you been, that I have not seen you since I came from Brussels? What business have you here? Have you too a design on Southesk? If so, my poor friend, you may as well fly the pit; for, let me tell you, the duke of York is in love with her, and, to trust you with a secret, at this very moment he is in the next room with her.' Southesk, thunder-struck, as may easily be imagined, had not time to answer these curious questions. Talbot shewed him the door, as a friend, and advised him to try his fortune elsewhere. Southesk, not knowing better what to do, got into his chariot; and Talbot, delighted with the adventure, was impatient for the duke's coming, in order to give him an account

account of it; but he was much surprized to find that the story had no charms for those who were interested in it: on the whole, he thought it very unlucky that that creature Carnegy had only changed his name to draw from him such an important secret. This incident interrupted a commerce which the duke of York did not much regret: and well it was that he grew indifferent; for the traitor Southesk plotted a revenge, by which, without employing sword or poison, he would have had satisfaction of those who had injured him, for the short time their intrigue had lasted. He sought, in the most infamous places, the most infamous distemper that they could furnish, and found it; but without being more than half revenged; for, after having had recourse to the severest discipline to get rid of it, his lady only returned him the present, having no more commerce with him for whom he had industriously prepared it. Bishop Burnet,

net, in his history, relates this anecdote; and adds, That it was also generally believed, that the disease was let round till it came to the duchess, who was so tainted with it, that it occasioned the death of all her children, except the two daughters, our two queens [Mary and Anne], and was believed the cause of her own death, &c. Lord Southesk was, for some years, not ill pleased to have this believed. It looked like a peculiar strain of revenge, with which he seemed much delighted.

The late lord Crawford, who was so remarkable for his courage, and thirst of glory, exhibited a very extraordinary instance of presence of mind on the morning that preceded the battle of Rocoux, in 1746. He, and some volunteers, accompanied by his aid-de-camp, and attended by two orderly dragoons, had rode out before day to reconnoitre the situation of the enemy, and fell into one of their advanced

vanced guards. The serjeant who commanded it, immediately turned out his men, and their pieces were presented, when the earl first perceived them. Without betraying the least mark of disorder, he rode up to the serjeant, and, assuming the character of a French general, told him, '*Ne tirez pas, nous sommes amis.*' '*Don't fire; we are friends:*' and immediately, without giving the officer time to ask any questions, proceeded, by asking him to what regiment they belonged; and the officer answering, of the regiment of Orleans; his lordship then said, '*Fort bien, prenez bien garde a votre poste, je m'en vais plus loin pour reconnoitre l'ennemi;*' '*It is very well; keep a good look-out with your post: I am going a little further to reconnoitre the enemy more distinctly:*' so saying, he and his company retired, before the serjeant could recollect himself from the surprize occasioned by this unexpected address. In all probability, he

was

was soon sensible of his mistake; for the incident was, that very day, publicly mentioned in the French army. The prince of Tingry, an officer in the Austrian service, having been taken prisoner in the battle that ensued, dined with marshal Saxe, who dismissed him on his parole, and desired he would charge himself with a facetious compliment to his old friend the earl of Crawford: He wished his lordship joy of being a French general; and said, he could not help being displeased with the serjeant, as he had not procured him the honour of his lordship's company at dinner.

The late Sir Thomas Prendergast, postmaster-general of Dublin, had such another affair in his family as that of lord G——r. His lady had indiscreetly made him a cuckold, and he took care the world should know it, insomuch that it engrossed the attention of the public throughout the nation. Whilst matters were carrying on

on with a high hand between the lady and her spouse, Sir Thomas, happening one day to be in company with the earl of Kildare, asked the earl, If he gave a great many franks? ‘for,’ said he, ‘there comes more of your lordship’s franks to the post-office, than of any man’s in Ireland, and I have often suspected they were forged.’ The earl answered, That he gave but very few: he said, if so many came, they must be forged to be sure; and entreated, as a favour, that the next might be stopped, and brought to him; by means whereof, he said, he hoped he should be able to find out who it was had played the trick. Orders were accordingly given; and, in about a day or two’s time, there comes a frank, which was brought to Sir Thomas, and immediately carried by him to the earl. The earl had several persons of distinction with him; however, Sir Thomas being a man of consequence, was readily introduced, and presented

sented the frank. As soon as the earl saw
 the letter, he told Sir Thomas he really
 did not choose to open it; 'For you know,'
 said he, 'law-makers should not be law-
 breakers:' upon which, he desired the
 knight would be so kind as to open it him-
 self, and see from whence it came. In
 obedience to his lordship's commands, Sir
 Thomas directly opened the letter, when
 the first thing he cast his eyes upon, was,
 the figure of a bed, curiously drawn on
 the paper, with a lady lying in it, and over
 her head the inscription, 'Lady Prendergast.'
 The figure of a man in his shirt was also
 drawn, stepping into bed; over his name
 was written the name of the gentleman who
 had hornified Sir Thomas, and the fol-
 lowing were properly placed, as if pro-
 ceeding out of his mouth, 'This is no
 counterfeit, Sir Thomas.' The news of
 this comical adventure flew like lightning
 to every part of the town, and afforded
 great diversion among all degrees of peo-
 ple.

ple. Sir Thomas was cured of hunting after counterfeits, and the earl not a little suspected of having a hand in the plot.

Some time since Tom King (the comedian), one of Thalia's greatest favourites, but whose cause the blind goddess had never till now espoused, meeting with a certain sporting gentleman under the piazza in Covent-garden, they retired to an adjacent tavern, to take a main at hazard for five guineas. Tom soon lost his first stake; and, with much resignation, eat his supper and drank his bottle. His adversary, however, after supper, proposed to him a second main, which Tom at first refused engaging in, saying, He had not, he believed, money enough about him to answer the bet; but this was over-ruled, by his adversary replying, His word was sufficient for a hundred times the sum. They renewed the party, and, in a few hours, Tom won two thousand four hundred guineas.

guineas. Tom's wife, who, by the bye, is a very good one, had sat up all night, as usual, after having sent every where in search of him, without being able to gain any tidings. When he returned from his lucky vigil, her enquiries were naturally very pressing to know where he had been, and what had kept him out so long; to all which he made no answer, than very peremptorily saying, 'Bring me a Bible!' 'A Bible!' she re-echoed with some ejaculation; 'I hope you have not poisoned yourself?' 'Bring me a Bible;' continued Tom. 'I suppose,' she resumed, 'you've lost some great sum; but never mind, we can work for more.' 'Bring me a Bible, I say:' still uttered the impatient Tom. 'Good Lord, what can be the matter,' said Mrs. King; 'I don't believe there's such a thing in the house, without it be in the maid's room.' Thither she went, and found part of one without a cover; when, having brought it to Tom,

Tom, he fell upon his knees, and made a most fervent oath never to touch a die or card again; whilst she all the while endeavoured to alleviate his grief, of which she considered this as the effusion owing to some considerable loss. When he had finished and rose up, he flung fourteen hundred pounds in bank notes upon the table; saying, ‘There, my dear, there’s fourteen hundred pounds I’ve won to-night, and I shall receive a thousand more by to-morrow noon; and I’ll be d—d if I ever risk a guinea of it again.’

The late doctor Misaubin was famous for curing a particular disorder, and whose recipe first introduced him into the polite world; but his uncommon humour and docility of temper, recommended him still more to several noblemen of the first rank; amongst these were the late dukes of Montague and Richmond, of whose parties he used frequently to be, and was always very conducive

conducive to the mirth and risibility of the company. As a specimen of the kind of merriment he produced upon these occasions, we shall take a view of the doctor at court, upon being introduced to the late king. The duke of Montague had advertised his majesty of the whimsical character of Mr. Misaubin, and added, he would afford some mirth upon being introduced on a levee-day. Accordingly, the duke said to the doctor, He wondered so celebrated a physician had never been introduced at St. James's. The doctor snapped at the bait, and said, He should take it as a great honour if his grace would introduce him. The duke consented to his request, and the doctor consulted him with regard to his dress. His Grace advised him, by all means, to make his first appearance in a suit of black velvet, which was accordingly obtained; and the duke prepared himself with an uncommon large wig, in which near a pound of powder

der was contained. Upon the duke's perceiving the doctor, he ran up to him, and overwhelmed him with powder and embraces, saying, 'How happy I am, dear doctor, to have this opportunity of introducing you to the king!' The doctor hum'd and ha'd, 'But my coat, my lord!' '—I shall look like a miller.' The duke, however, did not desist shaking his head, till he had discharged at least three quarters of a pound of powder upon the doctor's black velvet suit. His grace then introduced him to the king, who was ready to burst his sides with laughing; the doctor being more engaged with wiping his clothes, than making his obeisance. Though his introduction was attended with this ridiculous appearance, the doctor failed not ever after attending St. James's on court-days, and plumed himself not a little upon being so respectable a courtier. He was some time after at Windsor, when he was asked by a patient

his

his address in town, to which he replied with disdain, 'To doctor Misaubin, in 'the world.' He had, at length, wrought himself up to such a pitch of importance, from his acquaintance and connections, that he thought it beneath him to be any longer a walking-doctor; and he henceforward rolled in his chariot. One day, whilst he was at dinner at the duke of Montague's, his grace had employed a coach-painter to give a proper coat of arms to his carriage: he accordingly painted a patient receiving a clyster from the doctor; and he traversed the whole town with this device on his carriage, without being able to guess what the spectators every where immoderately laughed at. Hogarth has introduced the doctor's figure in the Harlot's Progress, in the place where she expires. The doctor made a will, and bequeathed twenty thousand pounds to his widow. This bequest got vent, and every body imagined the doctor a man of great

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property; but it at length appeared that these twenty thousand pounds were not in specie, nor in paper: they consisted of twenty thousand pills, which he estimated at one pound each.

Edward Howard, earl of Suffolk, with great inclination to versify, and some derangement of his intellects, was so unlucky as not to have his furor of true the poetic fort. A gentleman, on his first appearance as an author, was sent for by this lord to his house. His lordship told him, that he employed many of his idle hours in poetry, but that, having the misfortune to be of the same name with the honourable Edward Howard, so much ridiculed in the last age, no printer would meddle with his works, which he therefore desired the gentleman to recommend to some of the profession of his acquaintance. The gentleman excused himself as well as he could: the earl then began to read some of his verses; but, coming

ing to the description of a beautiful woman, he suddenly stopped, and said, 'I am not like most poets, Sir; I do not draw from ideal mistresses; I always have my subject before me.' Then ringing the bell, he said to his footman, 'Call up Fine-eyes.' A woman of the town appeared. 'Fine-eyes,' said the earl, 'look full on this gentleman:' she did, and returned. Two or three others of the seraglio were summoned in their turns, and displayed their respective charms for which they had been distinguished by his lordship's pen.

The late queen Caroline declared her intention of honouring Mr. Pope with a visit at Twickenham. His mother was then alive; and lest the visit should give her pain, on account of the danger his religious principles might incur by an intimacy with the court, his piety made him, with great duty and humility, beg that he

might decline this honour. Some years after, his mother being dead, the prince of Wales condescended to do him the honour of a visit. When Mr. Pope met him at the water's-side, he expressed his sense of the honour done him in very proper terms, joined with the most dutiful expressions of attachment. On which the prince said, 'It is very well; but how shall we reconcile your love to a prince, with your professed indisposition to kings, since princes will be kings in time.' 'Sir,' replied Pope, 'I consider royalty under that noble and authorised type of the lion: while he is young, and before his nails are grown, he may be approached, and careased with safety and pleasure.'

Not long after the death of Mary queen of Scots, Margaret Lambrun (who had been one of her attendants, became in some measure desperate, on account of the loss of a husband whom she dearly loved;

a loss

a loss which had been occasioned by grief for the melancholy fate of that unfortunate princess, to whose retinue he had also belonged), formed a resolution to revenge the death of both upon the person of queen Elizabeth. To accomplish her purpose, she dressed herself in the habit of a man, assumed the name of Anthony Spark, and attended at the court of England, with a pair of pistols constantly concealed about her, one to kill the queen, when an opportunity should offer, and one to kill herself, if her crime should be discovered. One day as she was pushing through the croud, in order to get near her majesty, who was then walking in the garden, she accidentally dropped one of the pistols. This circumstance being observed by the guards, she was immediately seized, in order to be sent to prison. The queen, however, interfered, and desired to examine the culprit first. She accordingly demanded her name, her country, and her quality; and

Margaret, with a resolution still undaunted, replied, 'Madam, though I appear
 ' before you in this garb, yet I am a wo-
 ' man. My name is Margaret Lambrun;
 ' and was several years in the service of
 ' Mary, a queen whom you have unjust-
 ' ly put to death, and thereby deprived me
 ' of the best of husbands, who could not
 ' survive that bloody catastrophe of his in-
 ' nocent mistress. His memory is hardly
 ' more dear to me than is that of my in-
 ' jured queen; and, regardless of conse-
 ' quences, I determined to revenge their
 ' death upon you. Many, but fruitless,
 ' were the efforts I made to divert me from
 ' my purpose. I found myself constrained
 ' to prove, by experience, the truth of the
 ' maxim, That neither reason nor force
 ' can hinder a woman from vengeance,
 ' when she is impelled to it by love.' High-
 ly as the queen had cause to resent this
 speech, she heard it with coolness, and
 answered it with moderation. 'You are
 ' per-

‘persuaded then,’ said her majesty, ‘that
 ‘in this step you have done nothing but
 ‘what your duty required? What think
 ‘you is my duty to do to you?’ ‘Is that
 ‘question put in the character of a queen,
 ‘or that of a judge?’ replied Margaret,
 with the same intrepid firmness. Eliza-
 beth professed to her it was in that of a
 queen. ‘Then,’ continued Lambrun, ‘it
 ‘is your majesty’s duty to grant me a par-
 ‘don.’ ‘But what security,’ demanded
 the queen, ‘can you give me, that you
 ‘will not make the like attempt upon
 ‘some future occasion?’ ‘A favour ceases
 ‘to be one, madam,’ replied Margaret,
 ‘when it is yielded under such restraints :
 ‘in doing so your majesty would act against
 ‘me as a judge.’ ‘I have been thirty
 ‘years a queen,’ cried Elizabeth, turning
 to the courtiers then present, ‘and had
 ‘never such a lecture read to me before :’
 and she immediately granted the pardon
 entire and unconditional as it had been de-

fired, in opposition to the opinion of the president of the council, who told her majesty, that he thought she ought to have punished so daring an offender. The fair criminal, however, gave an admirable proof of her prudence, in begging the queen to extend her generosity one degree further, by granting her a safe conduct out of the kingdom; with which favour also Elizabeth chearfully complied, and Margaret Lambrun, from that period, lived a peaceable life in France.

At the siege of Tortona, the last war in Italy, the commander of the army which lay before the town, ordered Carew, an Irish officer in the service of Naples, to advance with a detachment to a particular post. Having given his orders, he whispered to Carew, ‘Sir, I know you to be a gallant man: I have therefore put you upon this duty. I tell you, in confidence, it is certain death for you all. I place
‘you

'you there to make the enemy spring a mine below you.' Carew made a bow to the general, and led on his men in silence to the dreadful post. He there stood with an undaunted courage; and, having called to one of his soldiers for a draught of wine, 'Here,' said he, 'I drink to all those who bravely fall in battle.' Fortunately at this instant Tortona capitulated, and Carew escaped. But he had thus a full opportunity of displaying a rare instance of determined intrepidity. It is with pleasure that we record an anecdote so much to the honour of a gentleman of that nation, on which illiberal reflections are too often thrown, by those of whom it little deserves them. Whatever may be the rough jokes of wealthy insolence, or the envious sarcasms of needy jealousy, the Irish have ever been, and will continue to be, highly regarded upon the continent.

In the year 1712, Matthew Prior, who was then Fellow of St. John's, and who not long before had been employed by the queen as her plenipotentiary to the court of France, came to Cambridge; and the next morning paid a visit to the master of his own college. The master (whether Dr. Gower or Dr. Jenkins, I cannot now recollect) loved Mr. Prior's principles, had a great opinion of his abilities, and a respect for his character in the world; but then he had a much greater respect for himself. He knew his own dignity too well to suffer a fellow of his college to sit down in his presence. He kept his seat, and let the queen's ambassador stand. Such was the temper, not of a vice-chancellor, but of a simple master of a college. I remember, by the way, an extempore epigram of Matt's on the reception he had there met with. We did not reckon, in those days, that he had a very happy turn for an epigram: but the occasion was tempting;

tempting; and he struck it off, as he was walking from St. John's college to the Rose, where he dined: it was addressed to the master.

‘I stood, Sir, patient at your feet,

‘ Before your elbow-chair;

‘ But make a bishop's throne your seat,

‘ I'll kneel before you there.

‘One only thing can keep you down,

‘ For your great soul too mean;

‘You'd not, to mount a bishop's throne,

‘ Pay homage to the queen.’

The activity and hardiness of Charles XII. of Sweden, are well known: he was on horseback for four and twenty hours successively, and thus traversed the greatest part of his kingdom, almost entirely alone. In one of these rapid excursions he met with a very singular adventure: accompanied only by a few guards, whom he had left far behind, his horse fell dead under him. This might have embarrassed:

an ordinary man, but it gave Charles no sort of uneasiness. Sure of finding another horse, but not equally so of meeting with a good saddle and pistols, he ungirts his horse, claps the whole furniture upon his own back, and, thus accoutred, marches to the next inn, which, by good fortune, was not far off. Entering the stable, he there found a horse entirely to his mind; therefore, without further ceremony, he claps on his saddle and housings with great composure, and was just going to mount. When the gentleman who owned the horse, was informed of the matter, he asked the king, bluntly, How he came to meddle with his horse, having never seen him before? Charles easily replied, squeezing his lips, as was his way, that he took the horse because he wanted one—‘For you see,’ continued he, ‘if I have none, I must be obliged to carry the saddle myself.’ This answer did not satisfy the gentleman, who instantly drew his sword: in that the king
 was

was not much behind-hand with him, and to it they went. When the guards now came up, testified that surprize which is natural at seeing arms in the hands of a subject against his king, the gentleman was not less surprized than they, at this undesigned insult upon majesty. His astonishment, however, was soon dissipated by the king, who, taking him by the hand, called him a brave fellow, and assured him that he should be provided for. He was not worse than his word: the gentleman was afterwards promoted to a considerable command in the army.

John Basiliad, czar of Muscovy, a prince equally famed for his ferocity and pride, is reported, by some historians, to have driven a nail into the head of a certain Italian ambassador, who had come to his presence covered. Jerom Bos, nevertheless, the ambassador at the same court from Elizabeth of England, upon a similar

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similar occasion, proudly kept on his hat, and retired without once moving it. The czar demanded of him, if he knew not the punishment which another ambassador had received for such insolence. "I do know it," replied he; "but I am ambassador of a queen whose head is always covered, and who never suffers an affront offered to any of her servants to pass unpunished." The czar, not so ungenerous as to witness this magnanimity without admiration, turned round to his courtiers; "Here is a brave man," said he, "who dares thus to act, and thus to speak, for the honour and the interest of his sovereign? Which of you would do so much for me?"

There was one Ferguson, an intimate of king James I. who, being about the same age, had been a play-fellow with him when they were young, came with him into England, and, extending the rights of friendship too far, frequently took

took the liberty of advising, and sometimes admonishing, or rather reproving, his sovereign. He was a man truly honest: his counsels were disinterested, with a view for himself; having a decent patrimony of his own. The king was, however, often vexed by his freedoms, and at length said to him, between jest and earnest, "You are perpetually censuring my conduct: I'll make you a king some time or other, and try." Accordingly one day, the court being very jovial, it came into his majesty's head to execute this project; and so calling Ferguson, he ordered him into the chair of state, bidding him, There play the king; while, for his part, he would personate Jonny Ferguson. This farce was, in the beginning, very agreeable to the whole company. The mock-sovereign put on the airs of royalty, and talked to those about him in a strain like that of the real one, only with less pedantry. They were infinitely pleased

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with

with the joke; and it was a perfect comedy, till the unlucky knave turned the tables, and came all of a sudden to moralize on the vanity of honour, wealth, and pleasure; to talk of the insincerity, venality, and corruption of courtiers, and servants of the crown; how entirely they had their own interests at heart, and how generally their pretended zeal and assiduity were the disguise of falsehood and flattery. This discourse made a change in some of their countenances; and even the real monarch did not relish it altogether. He was afraid it might have some effect upon his minions, and lessen the tribute of adulation they were used to offer with great profusion, when they found how this wag observed and animadverted on it. But the monitor did not stop here: he levelled a particular satire at the king, which put an end to the entertainment, and made his majesty repent of his introducing it; some foreigners of distinction being present;

for

for it painted him in his true colours, as one that never loved a wise man, nor rewarded an honest one, unless they sacrificed to his vanity ; while he loaded those, who prostituted themselves to his will, with wealth and honour. For the mimic, pointing directly to James (who was to personate Ferguson) raising his voice, ' There,' said he, ' stands a man whom I would have you imitate : the honest creature was the comrade of my childhood, and regards me with a cordial affection to this very moment : he has testified his friendship by all the means in his power ; studying my welfare, guarding me from evil counsellors, prompting me to princely actions, and warning me of every danger ; for all which, however, he never asked me any thing : and, by Jove, though I have squandered thousands on several of you, yet, in the whole course of my life, I never gave him a farthing.' The king, nettled by this sarcasm, cried out to Ferguson,

Ferguson, 'Augh! you pawky loun,
'what wad you be at? Away off my
'thrane, and lets hae na mair of your
'nainfance.'

Soon after the time of the late rebellion, the late lord Chesterfield took it into his head to be violently struck with the charms of Signora Campioni, who was reckoned one of the finest women of her time. He told her, one evening, behind the scenes, that he should visit her that night. She desired his lordship to defer his visit, as she was pre-engaged to a foreign minister. 'You have raised such an uproar in my breast, that if you refuse me, I shall go distracted., In compassion to his lordship, she disengaged herself by a card, pretending indisposition, with count H——g. His lordship went to bed, and left her in the morning as immaculate a virgin as he had found her. 'My lord,' said she, smiling, 'I think you might have
' put

‘put it off till to-night.’ ‘I think so too,’ said he; ‘but though I am a day older, I don’t think I am a whit wiser; and if I was to see you dance to-night, I believe you would raise another commotion, like the pretender, which would just terminate again in—nothing.’

The Scriblerus club, consisting of Pope, Arbuthnot, Swift, Gay, Parnell, &c. when the members were in town, were seldom asunder, and they often made excursions together into the country, and generally on foot. Swift was naturally the butt of the company; and if a trick was played, he was always the sufferer. The whole party once agreed to walk down to the house of the late lord Bathurst, whose seat was about twelve miles from town. As every one agreed to make the best of his way, Swift, who was remarkable for walking, soon left all the rest behind him, fully resolved, upon his arrival, to choose the

the very best bed for himself; for that was his custom. In the mean time Parnell was determined to prevent his intentions, and, taking a horse, arrived at lord B——'s by another way, long before him. Having apprized his lordship of Swift's design, it was resolved, at any rate, to keep him out of the house; but how to effect this was the question. Swift never had the small-pox, and was very much afraid of catching it: as soon, therefore, as he appeared striding along at some distance from the house, one of his lordship's servants was dispatched, to inform him, that the small-pox was then making great ravages in the family; but that there was a summer-house, with a field-bed, at his service, at the end of the garden. There the disappointed Dean was obliged to retire, and take a cold supper that was sent out to him, while the rest were feasting within. However, at last they took compassion on him; and, upon his promising never to choose the best bed again,

again, they permitted him to make one of the company.

Presently after the burning the stately palace of Whitehall, one Mr. Holmes coming over the ruins (this man was a barber, and then lived in George Yard, Westminster, much about where Great George Street now stands), he stumbled over something; which, more narrowly observing, should seem to him the remote likeness of a bust, but so crusted over with matter that adhered to it, the effect of the fire, that he was at a loss for some time what to determine; however, he carried it home, and hammered off the cinder: his wife scowered it, and it was set among some china on an old chest of drawers, in a little parlour they had; and as often as old Goody Holmes rubbed her brasses, as often did Cardinal Wolsey's bust obtain a bright complexion. The barber had an apprentice, the son of a particular friend,

who

who was by trade a founder, and who chiefly lived by dealing in old brass, &c. This man once waiting in the shop, walked into the parlour, where, perceiving the head (and yet, to do him justice, he himself thought it to be brass), he agreed with the barber for it as such, weighed it, being twenty-seven pounds, three quarters, avoirdupoise, paid for it at the then supposed price, and carried it home. The founder soon after melting some metal, put the head among the rest, but, amazed at something extraordinary in its dissolution, suspected something: he carefully separated all by itself, and carrying some for an assay to a neighbouring goldsmith, had himself the pleasure of hearing it pronounced the purest gold imaginable, of which he made a good price; and almost immediately making purchases, building, &c. he commenced gentleman so suddenly, as created suspicion but too soon in the breast of the unwary, hapless Holmes; for, true it is, he never so much

as made him the least acknowledgement or would ever go near him, or would even speak to him if he met him. The poor barber, at a loss truly to account for this new, strange and unmerited carriage, of this his once-intimate friend towards him, mentioned it, with some regret, to the boy; who, not having been cautioned, very innocently as suddenly answered, 'The head, Sir, you know you sold him was gold.'

The late De Scazeau, the little French poet, was at one time in a very shabby plight, and his breeches, in particular, were not within the rules of decency; add to this, he wore a long beard, which made him altogether, cut a most extravagant appearance. A gentleman at Slaughter's coffee-house took him aside one evening, and put a small sum of money into his hands, advising him to get shaved, a coat, and particularly a pair of breeches.

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He accordingly decorated a bust of Homer he had in his garret with his beard, purchased a black silk waistcoat with fringe and bugles, and a feather for his hat. His figure was more extraordinary now than ever; his breeches remaining in statu quo; and his benefactor could not refrain remonstrating with him upon his folly. To which the bard very coolly replied, 'My genius requires a plumage, as all my ideas soar to Heaven.'

Swift was no friend to King William, on account of a neglect he met with from that prince, and therefore had connected himself with the opposite party. It happened, that the king had either chosen, or actually had taken, this motto for his state-coach in Ireland,

'Non rapui, sed recepi.'

'*I did not steal, but I receiv'd;*'

alluding

alluding to his being called to the throne by the people, and to clear himself from the imputation of violence. This was industriously reported to Swift by one of his emissaries: 'And what,' said he to the dean, 'do you think the prince of Orange 'has chosen for his motto on his state-coach?' 'Dutch cheese:' said the dean, with a reluctant smile, for he scorned to laugh, and even a smile was extorted. 'No,' said the gentleman, 'but,—Non rapui, sed recepi.' 'Aye,' says Swift, 'but there is an old saying, and a true one,—*The receiver is as bad as the thief.*'

Doctor Trapp's action in the pulpit has been censured by many, as participating too much of the theatrical manner, and having more of the air of an itinerant enthusiast, than a grave ecclesiastic. The doctor being once in company with a person whose profession was that of a player,

took occasion to ask him, What was the reason that an actor seemed to feel his part with so much sincerity, and utter it with so much emphasis and spirit, while a preacher, whose profession is of a higher nature, and whose doctrines are of the last importance, remained unaffected, even upon the most solemn occasion, while he stood in the pulpit, as the ambassador of God, to teach righteousness to the people? The player replied: 'I believe no other reason can be given, Sir, but that we are sincere in our parts, and the preachers are insincere in theirs.'

Monsieur Marivaux, the celebrated French dramatist and novelist, had a yearly income of about four thousand livres (two hundred pounds sterling), a sum on which he might have lived in ease, and even pleasure, to the height of his wishes, had he been less liberal, and with less sympathy for the distresses of others; but fifteen hundred

was

was all he spent upon himself, the whole remainder being, one year with another, devoted to acts of benevolence. One of his favourite maxims was, that, *To be good enough, one must be too good*; accordingly he has often been known to part even with what was necessary to him, for the sake of restoring liberty or life to persons whom he scarce knew, but who were in the gripe of merciless creditors, or reduced to despair. As he concealed his good deeds, so was he attentive to keep from his friends all knowledge of his own wants. Mr. Fontenelle hearing that he was sick, and fearing he might be in penury, immediately repaired to his lodgings, and asked to be with him in private: ‘My dear friend,’ said he, ‘in your present situation, money must be wanted, and friends are not to stay till asked for some; it is what friendship should conjecture: there is a purse with a hundred louis, which I leave at your disposal.’

‘ I look upon them as received :’ answered Mr. Marivaux : ‘ I have made use of ‘ them, and return you them with all the ‘ gratitude due to such kindness.’ So far was he from priding himself in the character of author, that several of his plays had been acted before he was so much as known. The way that the public came to hear that he wrote for the stage, was thus : he had given his first Surprize of Love to the Italian company. Madam Sylvia, who had great theatrical talents, and much versatility, felt her part to be susceptible beyond all the reach of her penetration and sensibility. ‘ I would give ‘ any thing in the world to know the author of this piece :’ said she to one of her acquaintance, who was likewise known to Mr. Marivaux. His acquaintance laboured hard with him to go and see Madam Sylvia; and he consented, on condition that he should remain unknown. Mr. Marivaux took up the part of Sylvia, which

was

was lying on the table, and read some of it. She was charmed! The precision, the justness, the delicacy of his manner, were as new beams of light to her. ‘Ah, Sir,’ cried she, with a heart full of warmth, ‘you make me feel all the beauties of my part; you enlighten my mind; you inspire my heart; you read as I wish, and as I know I ought to act. You are either the devil, or the author of the play.’ Marivaux smiled at the flash, and only answered, ‘Miss, I am not the *devil*.’ In his nineteenth year, he had conceived a violent passion for a young lady of family, who, with the most enchanting figure, seemed totally insensible and indifferent about her charms; but this same artless person he one day surprized before a looking-glass, talking to herself, and practising all the airs and graces which might heighten the agreeableness of her physiognomy. Vexed at having attributed to ingenuous nature, what his mistress studied with such design-

ing application, he broke off the match, which was in a fair way, without ever making known the motive; and, possibly, to this little adventure, was he indebted for all the philosophical reflections of his life, and very excellent most of them are. He died in 1763, aged seventy-five, with the happy composure of a christian philosopher.

Mr. Johnson, author of *Hurlothrumbo*, &c. having been invited to pass some months at the country-house of a gentleman, who had a great regard for him, but whom he had never visited before, he accepted the invitation, and was, for some time, treated with the utmost hospitality and kindness. But, at length, having shewn, in some of his expressions and actions, that wild and unaccountable extravagance and oddity which runs through his whole composition, the lady of the house, who happened to enjoy but a very indifferent state of health, which rendered
her

her hippish and low-spirited, and being moreover naturally of a timorous disposition, began to be extremely alarmed at his behaviour, and apprehensive that, at some time or other, he might do mischief either to himself or others. On this she repeatedly remonstrated to her husband, intreating him to find some means of getting rid of Mr. Johnson. The gentleman, however, who was better acquainted with Johnson's manner, and therefore under no such apprehensions, was unwilling to proceed to acts of so much seeming inhospitality, as the forbidding his house to a person whom he had himself invited to it, and therefore declined so doing for some time; till at length, on the continued sollicitations of his lady, whom he found he could not make easy on any other terms, he commissioned a mutual friend to both, to break the affair to Mr. Johnson. This being done with all the tenderness imaginable, and the true reason assigned by way of vindication

dication of the gentleman himself, Mr. Johnson, with great coolness, and a gaiety of temper peculiar to himself, replied, That he was most perfectly persuaded of Mr. ——'s regard for him, and should ever retain the most grateful sense of the civilities he had received from him; that he also maintained the highest respect for his lady; and thought it his duty, by every means in his power, to contribute to the restoration of her peace of mind, which it appeared that he had been the innocent cause of disturbing; that he, therefore, might give her the strongest assurances from him, together with his compliments, that he never would again trouble her house whilst living; but, as a testimonial of his sincere esteem, she might depend on it, that, after his death, he should consider her as the very first person to whom, on a visit back to this world, he should think himself under an obligation to pay his respects. This message being delivered to the

the lady, who we have before observed was of an hypochondriac complexion, threw her into still greater apprehensions than before; and, fearing that he would be as good as his word, intreated the gentleman to go back to Mr. Johnson, and beg from her that he would continue where he was, or, at least, favour them with his company as often as possible; for that, with all his wildness, she had much rather see him alive than dead.

The late earl of Ross, was, in character and disposition, like the humorous earl of Rochester: he had an infinite fund of wit, great spirits, and a liberal heart; was fond of all the vices which the beau monde call pleasures, and by those means first impaired his fortune, and finally his health, beyond repair. To recite any part of his wit here is impossible. A nobleman could not, in so censorious a place as Dublin, lead a life of rackets, brawls, and

midnight confusion, without being a general topic for reproach, and having fifty thousand faults invented to complete the number of those he had : nay, some asserted, that he dealt with the devil ; established a hell-fire club at the Eagle tavern on Cork Hill, and that one W——, a mighty innocent facetious painter (who was indeed only the agent of his gallantry), was a party concerned. Having led this life till it brought him to death's door, his neighbour, the reverend dean Madden, a man of exemplary piety and virtue, having heard his lordship was given over, thought it his duty to write him a very pathetic letter, to remind him of his past life ; the particulars of which he mentioned, such as whoring, gaming, drinking, rioting, turning day into night, blaspheming his maker, and, in short, all manner of wickedness.

It is necessary to acquaint the reader, that the late earl of Kildare was one of the
most

most pious noblemen of the age, and in every respect a contrast in character to lord Rofs. When the latter, who retained his senses to the last moment, and died rather for want of breath, than want of spirits, read over the dean's letter (which came to him under cover), he ordered it to be put in another paper, sealed up, and directed to the earl of Kildare; he likewise prevailed on the dean's servant to carry it, and to say it came from his master, which he was encouraged to do by a couple of guineas, and his knowing nothing of its contents. Lord Kildare was an effeminate, puny, little man, extremely formal and delicate; infomuch, that when he was married to lady Mary Obrien, one of the most shining beauties then in the world, he would not take his wedding-gloves off when he went to bed. From this single instance may be judged with what surprize he read over the dean's letter, containing so many accusations for crimes he knew himself en-

tirely innocent of. He first ran to his lady, and informed her, that dean Madden was actually mad; to prove which, he delivered her the epistle he had just received. Her ladyship was as much confounded as he could possibly be, but with all observed, the letter was not written in the style of a madman, and advised him to go to the archbishop of Dublin about it. Accordingly, his lordship ordered his coach, and went to the episcopal palace, where he found his grace at home, and immediately accosted him in this manner :
 ‘ Pray, my lord, did you ever hear that I
 ‘ was a blasphemer, a whoremonger, a
 gamester, a rioter, and every thing that’s
 base and infamous?’ ‘ You, my lord!’
 said the bishop; ‘ every one knows you are
 ‘ the pattern of humility, goodness, and
 ‘ virtue.’ ‘ Well, my lord, what satisfac-
 ‘ tion can I have of a learned and reverend
 ‘ divine, who, under his own hand, lays
 ‘ all this to my charge?’ ‘ Surely,’ answered

fwered his grace, 'no man in his senses,
 'that knew your lordship, would presume
 'to do it; and if any clergyman has been
 'guilty of such an offence, your lordship
 'will have satisfaction from the spiritual
 'court.' Upon this lord Kildare delivered
 to his grace the letter, which he told him
 was that morning delivered by the dean's
 servant, and which both the archbishop and
 the earl knew to be dean Madden's hand-
 writing. The archbishop immediately
 sent for the dean, who, happening to be at
 home, instantly obeyed the summons. Be-
 fore he entered the room, his grace advised
 lord Kildare, to walk into another apart-
 ment, while he discoursed with the gentle-
 man about it: which his lordship accord-
 ingly did. When the dean entered, his
 grace, looking very sternly, demanded, If
 he had wrote that letter? The dean an-
 swered, 'I did, my lord.' 'Mr. dean, I
 'always thought you a man of sense and
 'prudence; but this unguarded action must
 'lessen

‘lessen you in the esteem of all good men :
 ‘to throw out so many causeless invectives
 ‘against the most unblemished nobleman
 ‘in Europe, and accuse him of crimes to
 ‘which he and his family have ever been
 ‘strangers, must certainly be the effect of
 ‘a distempered brain : besides, Sir, you
 ‘have, by this means, laid yourself open
 ‘to a prosecution in the ecclesiastical court,
 ‘which will either oblige you publicly to
 ‘recant what you have said, or to give up
 ‘your possessions in the church.’ My
 ‘lord,’ answered the dean, ‘I never either
 ‘think, act, or write any thing, for which
 ‘I am afraid to be called to an account
 ‘before any tribunal upon earth ; and if I
 ‘am to be prosecuted for discharging the
 ‘duties of my function, I will suffer pa-
 ‘tiently the severest penalties in justifica-
 ‘tion of it.’ And so saying, the dean re-
 tired, with some emotion, and left the no-
 bleman as much in the dark as ever.
 Lord Kildare went home, and sent for a
 proctor.

proctor of the spiritual court, to whom he committed the dean's letter, and ordered a citation to be sent to him as soon as possible. In the mean time the archbishop, who knew the dean had a family to provide for, and foresaw that ruin must attend his entering into a suit with so powerful a person, went to his house, and recommended to him to ask my lord's pardon, before the matter became publick. 'Ask his pardon!' said the dean; 'why the man is dead! What! lord Kildare dead?' 'No, lord Rofs.' Good 'God,' said the archbishop, 'did not you send a letter yesterday to lord Kildare?' 'No, truly, my lord, but I sent one to the unhappy earl of Rofs, who was then given over, and I thought it my duty to write to him in the manner I did.' Upon examining the servant, the whole mistake was rectified; and the dean saw, with real regret, that lord Rofs died as he had lived; nor did he continue in this life about four hours

hours after he had sent off the letter. The poor footman lost his place by the jest, and was indeed the only sufferer for my lord's last piece of humour.

Sir Christopher Minns was the son of an honest shoemaker in London, from whom he inherited nothing but a good constitution. He was remarkable, early in life, for a spirit of adventure; and had gained an estate in the West Indies, before he became an officer of rank in the navy. Having taken a Spanish man of war, and secured the commander on board his ship, he committed the care of him to a lieutenant, who was directed to observe his behaviour. Shortly after, word was brought to Minns that the Spaniard was deploring his captivity, and wondering what great captain it could be, who had made don —— (with a long and tedious string of names and titles) his prisoner. The lieutenant was ordered to return to his charge, and
if

if the don persisted in his curiosity, to tell him that Kit Minns had taken him. This diminutive name utterly confounded the titulado, threw him into an agony of grief, and gave him more acute pangs than all the rest of his misfortunes.

There is a story told of Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy ; and is thus related by an old English * writer. ‘ The said duke, ‘ at the marriage of Eleonora, sister to the ‘ king of Portugal, at Bruges in Flanders, ‘ which was solemnized in the depth of winter, when by reason of unseasonable weather he could neither hawke nor hunt, and ‘ was now tired with cards, dice, &c. and ‘ such other domestic sports, or to see ladies ‘ dance, with some of his courtiers, he ‘ would in the evening walke disguised all ‘ about the towne. It so fortunèd, as he was ‘ walking late one night, he found a country

* Burton.

‘ fellow

‘ fellow dead drunke, snorting on a bulke;
 ‘ he caused his followers to bring him to his
 ‘ palace; and, there stripping him of his old
 ‘ cloaths, and attyring him after the court
 ‘ fashon, when he wakened, he and they were
 ‘ all ready to attend upon his excellency,
 ‘ and perswaded him that he was some great
 ‘ duke. The poor fellow, admiring how he
 ‘ came there, was served in state all day long:
 ‘ after supper he saw them dance; heard
 ‘ musicke, and all the rest of those court-
 ‘ like pleasures; but, late at night, when he
 ‘ was well tiple, and again fast asleepe, they
 ‘ put on his old robes, and so conveyed him
 ‘ to the place where they first found him.
 ‘ Now the fellow had not made them so
 ‘ good sport the day before, as he did now,
 ‘ when returned to himself: all the jest was
 ‘ to see how he looked upon it. In conclu-
 ‘ sion; after some little admiration, the poor
 ‘ man told his friends he had seen a vision;
 ‘ constantly believed it; would not other-
 ‘ wise be perswaded, and so the jest ended.’

A young

A young gentleman of family and fortune, but of abandoned principles, having long distinguished himself, in the reign of Charles II. by highway-robberies, and other desperate acts against society, was often apprehended, and sometimes convicted; but, through the interest of his friends, had always been pardoned. He was, at length, tried for murder, and condemned. Many of the nobility interceded in his favour; but to no effect: the king was inexorable. He had the pen in his hand to sign the order for his execution, when some of the nobility threw a copy of a pardon upon the table before him. The duchess of Portsmouth, his chief favourite, standing at his right shoulder, took his hand gently with her own, and, conducting it to the paper which had the pardon written on it, led his hand while he subscribed his name, the king not making the least resistance. Shaking his head, and smiling, threw the pardon to the nobleman who had

inter-

interposed in the young man's behalf, adding, 'Take care you keep the rascal out of my reach for the future.' When this pardon was shewn to the lord chancellor Hyde, observing how badly the letters of the king's name were formed, he wittily remarked, that, when his majesty signed the pardon, 'Justice had been fighting against Mercy.'

In the year 1746, when England was in hot war with Spain, the Elizabeth, of London, captain William Edwards, coming through the Gulph from Jamaica, richly laden, met with a most violent storm, in which the ship sprung a leak, that obliged them, for the saving of their lives, to run into the Havannah, a Spanish port. The captain went on shore, and directly waited on the governor, told the occasion of his putting in, and that he surrendered the ship as a prize, and himself and his men as prisoners of war, only requesting
good

good quarter. 'No, Sir,' replied the Spanish governor; 'if we had taken you in fair war at sea, or approaching our coast with hostile intentions, your ship would then be a lawful prize, and your people prisoners; but, when distressed by a tempest, you come to our ports for the safety of your lives, we, the enemies, being men, are bound as such, by the laws of humanity, to afford relief to distressed men who ask it of us. We cannot, even against our enemies, take advantage of an act of God. You have leave, therefore, to unload your ship, if that be necessary, to stop the leak; you may refit her here, and traffick so far as shall be needful to pay the charges; you may then depart, and I will give you a pass, to be in force till you are beyond Bermuda: if, after that, you are taken, you will then be a lawful prize; but now you are only a stranger, and have a stranger's right to safety and protection.' The ship accordingly

ingly departed, and arrived safe in London.

Mrs. Bendysh, grand-daughter to Oliver Cromwell, lived near Yarmouth, a place quite open to the high road. The old lady was frequently observed by her neighbours, stumping about in the morning, with an old straw hat on her head, her hair about her ears, without stays, and, when it was cold, an old blanket about her shoulders, and a staff in her hand; in a word, exactly accoutred like Shakespeare's witches; yet, if at such time she was accosted by any person of rank, or breeding, that dignity of her manner, and politeness of style, which nothing could efface, would instantly break through the veil of debasement which concealed her native grandeur; and a stranger to her customs might become astonished to find himself addressed by a princess while he was looking on a mumper. This extraordinary personage held

held the memory of the protector in the highest veneration, and, throughout her life, defended his reputation with the most enthusiastic zeal. Being in conversation with her friends, she insisted very piously, that Oliver was one day seeking the Lord with such ardour of devotion, and striving for a gracious answer with such vehemence of spirit, that the tears were forced from him in such abundance as to run under the closet-door into the next room. A gentleman, to whom this information was particularly addressed, observed in reply, That it was difficult to say precisely, what abundant fountains of tears might fill up and run over the Lord's chosen vessels; yet he could not help suspecting that the flood under the closet-door, occasioned by the protector's struggles, was derived from some other source besides his eyes.

At another time being on a journey in a stage-coach, where she was not known,

Mrs. Bendysh fell into a violent dispute in behalf of the protector. The opponent, a gentleman, was as hot and as violent as the lady ; and if, towards the end of the stage, their anger subsided, it was not for want of wrath, or of words to keep it up, but for want of breath to give it utterance. After they went out of the coach, and had taken some refreshment, the old lady, very calmly and respectfully, desired to speak apart with the gentleman who had been her opponent in the dispute. When she had him alone, she told him, with great composure, He had, in the grossest manner, belied and abused the most pious man that ever lived ; that Cromwell's blood, which flowed in her veins, would not allow her to pass over the indignities cast on his memory, in her presence ; that she could not handle a sword, but she could fire a pistol as well as he ; and that she demanded immediate satisfaction to the injured honour of her family. The gentleman was
exceed-

exceedingly amazed at the oddness of this address; but as he happened to carry about him good sense enough to teach him how to act on so critical an occasion, he immediately told her, There were many great qualities in Oliver, which he honoured as much as she could; that if he had known or suspected her relation to him, he would not have said a word on the subject to give her offence, and that he sincerely asked her pardon. This submission completely satisfied her, and they finished their journey with much pleasure and good humour; but St. Oliver was not again brought on the tapis.

When marshal Tallard was confined a prisoner of war at Nottingham, he gave several balls to the ladies in the neighbourhood, and danced one evening with a young lady who was a parson's daughter. She was extremely amiable, and made a great impression upon the marshal. His

secretary, who was a man of easy morals, and had observed his master's agitation of mind, and the cause of it, thinking to recommend himself to the marshal's favour, threw out several hints, that there would be no great difficulty in obtaining the young lady upon his own terms. But the marshal replied, with a magnanimity of soul that did him the greatest honour, 'Sir, 'if I were one and twenty, and of the 'same religion as the lady, I should think 'it no discredit to offer my hand in an honourable manner; but to ruin a virtuous 'young woman, for a momentary gratification, I should think a far greater dishonour than to be defeated and taken 'prisoner by the duke of Marlborough.'

Tartini, a celebrated musician, who was born at Pirano in Istria, being much inclined to the study of music in his early youth, dreamed one night that he had made a compact with the devil, who promised to be

be at his service on all occasions; and, during this vision, every thing succeeded according to his mind; his wishes were prevented, and his desires were always surpassed by the assistance of his new servant. At last he imagined, that he presented the devil with his violin, in order to discover what kind of a musician he was; when, to his great astonishment, he heard him play a solo so singularly beautiful, and which he executed with such superior taste and precision, that it surpassed all the music which he had ever heard or conceived in his life. So great was his surprize, and so exquisite was his delight, upon this occasion, that it deprived him of the power of breathing. He awoke with the violence of his sensation, and instantly seized his fiddle in hopes of expressing what he had just heard; but in vain: he, however, then composed a piece, which is, perhaps, the best of all his works: he called it, 'The Devil's Sonata,' but it was so far inferior

to what his sleep had produced, that he declared he would have broken his instrument, and abandoned music for ever, if he could have found any other means of subsistence.

In the time of Charles II. there were but few actresses, the want of which was frequently supplied by the handsomest actors, who were put in petticoats. Kynaston particularly excelled in the part of Evadne [the queen] in the Maids Tragedy, which being commanded to be acted by the king, who, coming a little before his usual time, found the actors not ready to begin, when his majesty, not choosing to have as much patience as his good subjects, sent to them to know the meaning of it; upon which the master of the company came to the box, and, rightly judging, that the best excuse for their fault would be the true one, fairly told his majesty, that the queen was not *shaved* yet: the king,

king, whose good humour loved to laugh at a jest, as well as to make one, accepted the excuse, which served to divert him till the male queen could be *effeminated*.

Doctor Young has somewhere in his poems, a thought to this purpose, viz. That they who dare even blaspheme their God, will, notwithstanding, start at the motion of a feather. We have known the sentiments of the poet repeatedly verified, but not more remarkably, than in the following anecdote. Mr. W. of C—— in the parish of H—— in Worcestershire, is supposed to disbelieve all revelation, and to esteem religion as a mere farce. Mr. W. was returning home one night about eleven, from a public house in that parish. He had not advanced far, before a flash of lightning burst from a cloud, and illuminated the whole hemisphere. This, he owned, discomposed him greatly: however, he col-

lected his courage, and marched forward. But this circumstance, together with the hideous caterwaling of some cats in the adjoining field, set his imagination to work in such a manner, that he could not help thinking he saw something before him, on the left-hand side of the road, resembling a monkey, and fearfully black, the moon shining faintly through thin clouds which covered the sky. This appearance caused our hero to pause a little on his journey, and wish that he was in bed with his wife. But pass it he must to his house, or turn back again, and go by another way, two miles about. After a little deliberation, he grasps his crab-stick, keeps close to the right-hand hedge, and advances slowly, not without some palpitation of heart, and a cold sweat, expecting every moment to be seized. At last he got safely past the terrifying object, and proceeded; but was persuaded he heard the treading of some animal behind him, and sometimes close at
his

his heels. His attention, however, was soon diverted from this noise, by the appearance of a whitish thing lying on the ground, in the middle of a narrow pass in the lane. This caused him to abate his pace once more, and to mutter out, 'By Heaven, I believe all the devils in hell are broke loose to-night. I should not, however, swear; and heartily wish I had gone to church last Sunday with my wife, as I promised her, when I was so cruelly griped by a dose of physic from that cursed quack T——r.' He was now in a greater dilemma than before; and would certainly have returned, but for the black monkey behind him. However, upon recollecting that he could say some part of the Lord's prayer, he resolved to advance. As he approached nearer and nearer the object, he plainly perceived it to breathe, and thought he heard it groan; and, upon seeing it move, he trembled in every part. At the same time he thought he

felt himself cold, he perspired very plentifully, and endeavoured to repeat the Lord's prayer. He escaped this monster also in safety: but, terrible to relate! he had scarce made six hasty steps, before an afs, which stood under the hedge, began a most stupendous bray just at his elbow. This (which would indeed have terrified a stouter man than Mr. W.) so intirely dissipated all remains of courage, that he called aloud, ' Lord have mercy upon ' me,' and fell flat upon the ground. The long-eared animal soon made an end of his song, and Mr. W. began to consider that this noise certainly proceeded from an afs, and that the devil would never so far degrade himself as to assume that character. With these thoughts he once more got upon his legs, and feebly pursued his way. He was not now above three hundred yards from his own house; but in that small distance saw seven apparitions, one of which was like a tall corpse dressed in a shroud. This

was

was also seen the following night by a neighbour; which confirmed Mr. W. in his opinion, that there was no *deceptio visus*, with regard to what he himself had seen; but on the following night, it was discovered to be nothing more than the moon shining through between the corners of two houses upon his own barn-wall. Mr. W. reached his house a little after twelve; but his spirits was so dissipated, and he was so discomposed, restless, and fearful, that Mrs. W. scarce got him to sleep with a full pint of rumbo. Thus was this brave man (who, by day had courage enough to affront Heaven, and did, by his blustering, frighten half the parish) dismanned and terrified by the stump of an old tree, a poor famished sheep struggling for life, and the moonshine upon a wall; for these were in reality his devils and apparitions.

In the reign of king William, Oliver Cromwell (grandson to the protector) found it necessary, on some account or other, to present a petition to parliament. He gave his petition to a friend, a member, who took it to the house of commons to present it. Just as this gentleman was entering the house, with the petition in his hand, Sir Edward Seymour, the famous old Tery member, was also going in. On sight of Sir Edward so near him, the gentleman found his fancy briskly solicited, by certain ideas of mirth, to make the surly, four, old Seymour, carry up a petition for Oliver Cromwell. ‘Sir Edward,’ says he, stopping him at the instant, ‘will you do me a favour? I this moment recollect, that I must immediately attend a trial in Westminster-hall, which may detain me too late, to give in this petition, as I promised to do this morning. ’Tis a mere matter of form: will you be so good as to carry it up for me?’ ‘Give it me:’ said Sir

Sir Edward. The petition went directly into his pocket, and he into the house. When a proper vacancy happened to produce it, the knight put himself directly on his feet, and his spectacles on his nose, and began to read with an audible voice, ‘The humble petition of—of—of the devil!’ said Seymour, ‘of Oliver Cromwell!’ The roar of laughter in the house, at seeing him so fairly taken in, was too great for Sir Edward to withstand, so he flung down instantly the petition, and ran out of the house in the utmost confusion.

George Villiers, duke of Buckingham, with the figure and genius of Alcibiades, could equally charm the presbyterian Fairfax, and the dissolute Charles. When he alike ridiculed that witty king, and his solemn chancellor; when he plotted the ruin of his country with a Cabal of bad ministers, or, equally unprincipled, supported its cause with bad patriots; one laments that

such parts should have been devoid of every virtue. But when Alcibiades turns chemist; when he is a real bubble, and a visionary miser; when ambition is but a frolic; when the worst designs are for the foolishest ends; contempt extinguishes all reflections on his character. An instance of astonishing quickness is related of this witty duke: being present at the first representation of one of Dryden's pieces of heroic nonsense, where a lover says,

'My wound is great, because it is so small;'

The duke cried out,

'Then 't wou'd be greater, were it none at all.'

The play was instantly damned.

Queen Mary, having dealt severely with the protestants in England, about the latter end of her reign, signed a commission to take the same course with them in Ireland; and, to execute the same with greater force,

force, she nominated Dr. Cole one of the commissioners. This doctor coming with the commission to Chester, on his journey, the mayor of that city, hearing that her majesty was sending a commission into Ireland, he, being a churchman, waited on the doctor; who, in discourse with the mayor, took out of a cloak-bag a leather box; saying to him, 'Here is a commission that shall lash the heretics of Ireland.' [calling the protestants by that title]. The good woman of the house, being well affected to the protestant religion, and also had a brother, named John Edmonds, of the same faith, then a citizen in Dublin, was much troubled at the doctor's words; but watching her convenient time when the mayor took his leave, and the doctor complimented him down stairs, she opened the box, took the commission out, and placed in lieu thereof a sheet of paper, with a pack of cards wrapped up therein, the knave of clubs being faced

upper-

uppermost. The doctor coming up to his chamber, suspecting nothing of what had been done, put up the box as formerly. The next day going to the water's side, wind and weather serving him, he sailed to Ireland, and landed on the 7th of October 1550, at Dublin. Then coming to the castle, the lord Fitz-Walter, being lord-deputy, sent for him to come before him and the privy-council: who coming in, after he had made a speech relating upon what account he came over, he presented the box to the lord-deputy; who causing it to be opened, that the secretary might read the commission, there was nothing save a pack of cards, with the knave of clubs uppermost; which not only startled the lord-deputy and council, but the doctor, who assured them he had a commission, but knew not how it was gone. Then the lord-deputy made answer, 'Let us have another commission, and we shall shuffle the cards in the mean while.' The doctor,

doctor, being troubled in his mind, went away, and returned to England; and, coming to the court, obtained another commission: but, staying for a wind at the water's side, news came to him, that the queen was dead. Queen Elizabeth was so delighted with this story, which was related to her by lord Fitz-Walter, on his return to England, that she sent for Elizabeth Edmonds, and gave her a pension of forty pounds a year during her life.

Sir Godfrey Kneller's consciousness of his own skill was so well known, that it exposed him frequently to the banter and irony of the wits his friends. Pope, to play him off, said to him one day, after looking round a room-full of beauties that he had painted, 'It is pity, Sir Godfrey, that you had not been consulted at the 'creation.' The painter, looking attentively at Pope, who was not a little deformed in his person, replied, 'If I had, I must

‘ I must confess, I should have made some
‘ things better.’

Queen Elizabeth (after her coming to the crown) used often to confer with Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, who (observing that she often likewise consulted with some great persons who had been of her sister’s council, whom he liked not) frankly told her, how inconvenient and dangerous he thought it would, in the end, be, for her to advise with, and be directed by, such persons, who, he said, if they should once get into her council and confidence, would either gain her to their religion, or (if they found they could not carry that point) endeavour (as indeed they afterwards did) to make her away by poison. Whereupon the queen, enraged at his freedom, replied, ‘ God’s death ! villain, I
‘ will have thy head.’ To which he steadily answered, ‘ You will do well to consider first, madam, how long you shall be
‘ then.

‘then able to keep your own on your
 ‘shoulders:’ which said, he departed.
 Afterwards, upon cooler thoughts, the
 queen sent for him again, and they were re-
 conciled, and not long after she sent him
 her ambassador to France.

Lewis Berton de Grillon, a gentleman
 of Avignon, was as remarkable on account
 of the peculiarities in his temper, as his in-
 trepidity, which had procured him the
 name of Dreadnought. The duke of
 Guise, to whom he had been sent after the
 reduction of Marseilles, having a mind to
 try his courage, agreed with some gentle-
 men to give a sudden alarm before Gril-
 lon’s quarters, as if the enemy had been
 masters of the town: at the same time he
 ordered two horses to the door; and, going
 up into Grillon’s room, told him, All was
 lost; that the enemy were masters of th
 port and town; that they had forced the
 guards, and broke and put to flight all
 that

that opposed them; that, finding it impossible to resist them any longer, he though it was better for them to retreat, than by suffering themselves to be taken, and add to the enemy's victory; that he had therefore ordered two horses to be brought, which were ready at the door, and desired he would make haste, for fear they should give the enemy time to surprise them. Grillon was asleep when the alarm was given, and was hardly awake whilst the duke of Guise was saying this to him. However, without being at all disconcerted by so hot an alarm, he called for his clothes and his arms, saying, They ought not, on too light grounds, to give credit to all that was said of the enemy; and, even if the account should prove true, it was more becoming men of honour to die with their arms in their hands, than to survive the loss of the place. The duke not being able to prevail on him to change this resolution, followed him out of the room; but

but when they were got half-way down stairs, not being able to contain himself any longer, he burst out a laughing; by which Grillon discovered the trick that had been played him. He thereupon assumed a look much sterner than when he only thought of going to fight, and, squeezing the duke's hand, said to him, swearing at the same time (for he always begun his discourse with the most horrible oaths), 'Young man, never make it a jest to try the courage of a man of honour; for by G—d! hadst thou made me betray any weakness, I would have plunged my dagger in thy heart:' and then left him without saying a word more.

No poet was ever more severe in his revenge than Pope, but yet it must be confessed that he seldom ridiculed any persons without some reason. The Dunciad is a lasting monument of infamy to that set of hardened dunces, many even of whose very names

names are now buried in oblivion. In one remarkable instance, however, Mr. Pope thought proper, and with great judgment, to answer an attack in prose. It seems that lord Hervey wrote a libel in verse against him, intituled, 'An Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity, from a Nobleman at Hampton Court', which was published in 1733. Pope, understanding who was the author of it, answered it in prose; but kept his answer some time in manuscript, with an intention to publish it after his friends had read it. His lordship being informed that Pope had answered him with an infinite deal of severity, endeavoured, by several means, to get a sight of the manuscript before it was published; but without effect. He then applied to the queen, who, to oblige him, borrowed the manuscript of Mr. Pope, and shewed it to his lordship. Hervey was excessively chagrined at the severity of the answer, and sufficiently humbled. He begged of her majesty to use

all

all her interest with Pope to prevent its being published; for which purpose, the queen ordered a person to speak to him, who assured him that his answer had had effect enough, as my lord Hervey had seen it, and was excessively sorry for having given the provocation; and moreover sincerely asked Mr. Pope's pardon. Pope, hereupon, promised the queen, on his word of honour, not to publish it; but, however, left it in the power of his executor to do it after his death; and accordingly doctor Warburton (now bishop of Gloucester) published it at the end of the ninth volume of his edition of his works. The letter, though wrote with great temper, is excessively poignant: but his lordship was ridiculed with infinite wit under the name of Sporus.

The late Mr. Shenstone was one day walking through his romantic retreats, in company with his Delia (her real name was Wilmot):

Wilmot): they were going towards the bower which he made sacred to the ashes of Thomson. 'Would to Heaven,' said Shenstone, pointing to the trees, 'that Delia could be happy in the midst of these rustic avenues!' He would have gone on, but was interrupted. A person rushed out of a thicket, and, presenting a pistol to his breast, demanded his money. Shenstone was surprised, and Delia fainted. 'Money,' says he, 'is not worth struggling for: you cannot be poorer than I am. Unhappy man!' says he, throwing him his purse, 'take it, and fly as quick as possible.' The man did so. He threw his pistol into the water, and in a moment disappeared. Shenstone ordered the foot-boy, who followed behind them, to pursue the robber at a distance, and observe whither he went. In two hours time the boy returned, and informed his master, that he followed him to Hales-Owen, where he lived; that he went to

the very door of his house, and peeped through the key-hole ; that, as soon as the man entered, he threw the purse on the ground, and, addressing himself to his wife, ' Take,' says he, ' the dear-bought price ' of my honesty : ' then taking two of his children, one on each knee, he said to them, ' I have ruined my soul to keep you ' from starving : ' and immediately burst into a flood of tears. This tale of distress greatly affected Shenstone. He enquired after the man's character, and found that he was a labourer, honest and industrious, but oppressed by want and a numerous family. He went to his house, where the man kneeled down at his feet, and implored mercy. Shenstone carried him home to assist at the buildings, and other improvements, which made himself so poor; and, when Shenstone died, this labourer bedewed his grave with true tears of gratitude.

At

At the time of the great contested election for representatives of the city and liberty of Westminster, in 1749, when lord Trentham (now earl Gower) and Sir George Vandeput were candidates, the late doctor Barrowby greatly interested himself in favour of the latter, who was put up to oppose the court-party. At this period he had, for some weeks, attended the noted Joe Weatherby, master of the Ben Johnson's Head, in Ruffel-street, who had been greatly emaciated by a nervous fever. During the doctor's visits, the patient's wife, not knowing that gentleman's attachment, had frequently expressed her uneasiness, that her dear Joe could not get up and vote for her good friend lord Trentham. Towards the end of the election, when very uncommon means were used on both sides to obtain the suffrages of the people, the doctor, calling one morning on his patient, to his great astonishment found him up, and almost dressed by the nurse
and

and her assistants. 'Hey-day! What's
 'the cause of this?' exclaimed Barrowby.
 'Why would you get out of bed without
 'my direction?' 'Dear doctor,' says
 poor Joe, in broken accents, 'I am going
 'to poll.' 'To poll!' replies the doctor,
 with some warmth (supposing he was of
 the same opinion with his fair rib), 'going
 'to the devil, you mean! Why, do you
 'know, that the cold air may destroy you?
 'Get to bed, man, get to bed as fast as
 'you can, or immediate death may ensue.'
 'Oh! if that is the case, Sir,' returns the
 patient, in a feeble voice, 'to be sure I
 'must act as you advise me; but I love
 'my country, Sir, and thought, while my
 'wife was out, to seize this opportunity to
 'go to Covent Garden church, and vote
 'for Sir George Vandeput.' 'How, Joe!
 'for Sir George!' 'Yes, Sir: I wish him
 'heartily well.' 'Do you?' says the me-
 dical politician. 'Hold! nurse, don't
 'pull off his stockings again. Let me
 VOL. I. L feel

“feel his pulse. Hey! very well, a good
 “firm stroke. Egad, this will do. You
 “took the pills I ordered last night?”
 “Yes, doctor; but they made me very
 “sick.” “Aye, so much the better. How
 “did your master sleep, nurse?” “Oh,
 “charmingly, Sir.” “Did he? Well, if his
 “mind be uneasy about this election, he
 “must be indulged. Diseases of the mind
 “greatly affect those of the body. Come,
 “come, throw a great coat or a blanket
 “about him. It is a fine day: but the
 “sooner he goes, the better; the fun will
 “be down very early. Here, here, lift
 “him up. Adad! a ride will do him good.
 “He shall go with me to the hustings in my
 “chariot.” The doctor was directly obey-
 ed, and poor Joe Weatherby was carried
 in the chariot to the place of poll, where
 he gave his voice according to his con-
 science, amidst the acclamations of the
 people; and, two hours after his physi-
 cal friend had left him at his own house,

absolutely departed this life, loaded with the reproaches of his beloved wife, and her friends of the court party.

About the year 1726, Sir Richard Steele made a journey to Scotland, in company with several gentlemen of distinction. On their way, when near Annan, they observed a flock of sheep, and, at a little distance, their keeper stretched on the ground with a book in his hand. Prompted by his usual desire of prying into human nature in every character, Sir Richard proposed to his companions a little conversation with the shepherd; on which they all rode up to him, and the knight enquired of him the name of the book in his hand. The shepherd immediately started on his feet, and told him the title of it. "Pray, what do you learn from this book?" continued Sir Richard Steele. "I learn from it the way to Heaven:" replied the other. "Very well;"

added the knight : ‘ we are fellow travellers, bound to the same place, and it will be very obliging, if you will shew us the way thither.’ ‘ With all my heart :’ continued the countryman ; ‘ if you will attend me to an eminence just at hand.’ To this proposal, Sir Richard and his companions readily assented, and followed their guide to a rising ground, from whence they had a view of an antique tower, a few miles distant. The shepherd then turning to the knight, ‘ You see, Sir,’ said he, ‘ yonder tower : the way to Heaven lies strait by it, and is the only safe and certain way to future happiness.’ Amazed at the clownish oddity of the direction, Sir Richard enquired of him, How the tower was called ? To which the shepherd replied, ‘ Sir, an’t please your honour, the name of it is the Tower of Repentance.’ This famous tower, as tradition reports, obtained its name from the superstitious devotion of a distant ancestor of

Mr.

Mr. S——, of H——, who having committed some crime above the rate of ordinary penance, was directed by his ghostly father to expiate the guilt of it, by erecting this edifice to the memory of one of the saints; and, from this incident, the building has ever since been denominated the Tower of Repentance.

When Sir Walter Raleigh was committed to the Tower, his friends, apprehensive of the effects an unmerited confinement might have over a mind like his, procured leave for a physician to attend him. The doctor at first found his patient gloomy and thoughtful: his room was clad with terror, and the lineaments of his visage seemed to forebode something very dreadful. By degrees, however, his countenance grew more serene, and the kind enquiries he began to make concerning the state of his friends without, gave room to suspect an approaching change for the bet-

ter. Thus matters went on for above a week; when one day, the physician, entering a little hastily into his apartment, found the great Sir Walter, the terror of Spain, the glory of England, and the reproach of the monarch under whom he suffered, very busily engaged by himself at push-pin. The doctor was not a little pleased with the discovery. After staying a proper time, he went home transported to his friends; and, telling them what he had seen, assured them there would be no further occasion for him to repeat his visits.

Bishop Burnet was famous for that absence of thought which constitutes the characters of what the French call *l'etourdie*. All the world knows, that in Paris, about the year 1680, several ladies of quality were imprisoned, on suspicion of poisoning, and among the rest, the countess Soissons, niece of cardinal Mazarine, and mother of the famous warrior prince Eugene

Eugene of Savoy. In the latter end of queen Anne's reign, when the prince came over to England, bishop Burnet, whose curiosity was as eager as that of any woman in the kingdom, begged of the duke of Marlborough, that he might have the satisfaction of being in company with a person whose fame resounded through all Europe. The duke complied with his request, on condition that he would be upon his guard against saying any thing that might give disgust; and he was invited to dine with the prince, and other company, at Marlborough-house. The bishop, mindful of the caution he had received, resolved to sit silent and incognito during the whole entertainment; and might have kept his resolution, had not prince Eugene, seeing him a dignified clergyman, taken it into his head to ask who he was. He no sooner understood that it was Dr. Burnet, of whom he had often heard, than he addressed himself to the bishop, and, among

other questions, asked When he was last at Paris? Burnet, fluttered by this unexpected address, and still more perplexed by an eager desire to give the satisfaction required, answered with precipitation, that, He could not recollect the year; but it was at the time when the countess of Soissons was imprisoned. He had scarce pronounced these words, when his eyes meeting those of the duke, he instantly recognized his blunder, and was deprived of all the discretion he had left. He redoubled his error by asking pardon of his highness: he stared wildly around, and, seeing the whole company embarrassed, and out of countenance, retired in the utmost confusion.

The famous Torquato Tasso, by his poem entitled Rinaldo, extended his reputation throughout all Italy, but greatly chagrined his father, who thought it might seduce him from studies more advantageous. Accordingly, he went to Padua, where
his

his son then was, to remonstrate against his apparent purpose of devoting himself to philosophy and poetry, and made use of many very harsh expressions; all which Tasso heard with patience and tranquillity, that made the old gentleman still more angry. At last, 'Of what use,' cried he, 'is that philosophy, of which you value yourself so much?' 'Sir,' replied Tasso, calmly, 'it has enabled me to endure the harshness even of your reproofs.'

When Dryden offered his Virgil for sale to old Jacob Tonson, and on his refusal to give the bard the price he asked for the translation, Dryden peevishly sent him word, 'Tell the dog, that he who wrote them can write more;' accompanied with a description of the bookseller's person in these lines:

- 'With leering look, bull-fac'd, and freckled fair,
- 'With two left legs, with Judas' colour'd hair,
- 'And frowzy pores, that taint the ambient air.'

In the reign of queen Elizabeth, when the Spaniards invaded England, by the instigation of pope Innocent VIII. as king Philip himself alledged, with their invincible Armada, what kind of tragedy they intended to act amongst us, we learn from the answers of Don Pedro, one of their principal captains, taken by Sir Francis Drake; who, being asked, What was the intent of their invading us? stoutly answered the lords who examined him, "What! but to subdue the nation, and root it out." "And what meant you," said the lords, "to do with the catholics?" "To send them, good men," said he directly, "to Heaven; as all you heretics to Hell." "Yea," said the lords; "what meant you to do with the whips of cord and wire, of which you have such great plenty?" "To whip," said he, "you heretics to death." "What would you have done with their young children?" "They," said he, "who were above seven years old, should

“should have gone the way their fathers
 “went; the rest should have lived in per-
 “petual bondage, branded in the forehead
 “with the letter L, for Lutherans.” Be-
 sides this, the lords of Spain that were in
 the navy, had divided among them all
 the noblemen’s houses in England by
 name, quartered the whole kingdom
 amongst one another, and had determined
 on sundry manners of cruel deaths, both
 for the nobility and the rest of the people.
 The ladies, women, and maidens, were
 destined to all villainy: and the rich mer-
 chants’ houses in London were put into a
 register, by their very names, and assigned
 to the companies of the squadrons of their
 navy, for their spoil. This curious exa-
 mination was delivered by the lord trea-
 surer Burleigh to the earl of Leicester,
 when the queen was in her camp, guarded
 by her army.

The Spanish settlement of St. Augustine was attacked in the year 1747 by the English, who were obliged to raise the siege: at which time a party of Highlanders, who attempted to cover their retreat, were routed, and great numbers of them cut to pieces. A serjeant being taken prisoner by the Spanish Indians, was reserved for that lingering death, of roasting by a slow fire, to which those savages devoted their prisoners. This unfortunate foldier, when he beheld the preparations for the horrid tortures that attended him, being well acquainted with the Indian language from some years residence in Georgia, with equal plausibility and resolution addressed the unrelenting barbarians in a speech to the following purport:

‘ Heroes and Patriarchs of the new World,
 ‘ you were not the enemies I sought to
 ‘ meet; you have, however, gained the
 ‘ victory: make what use of it you think
 ‘ fit. The fate of war hath delivered me in-

CURIOUS ANECDOTES. 229

to your hands; and I dispute not your
right. But, since it is the custom of my
fellow-citizens to offer a ransom for their
lives, listen to a proposition which is not
to be rejected. Know then, brave Ame-
ricans! that in the country which gave
me birth, there are certain men endowed
with supernatural knowledge. One of
these sages, who was allied to me by
blood, gave me, when I became a sol-
dier, a charm which was to render me in-
vulnerable. You saw how I escaped all
your darts: without that enchantment,
was it possible I should have survived the
many blows with which you assailed me?
I appeal to your valour. Did I either
seek for ease or fly from danger? It is not
so much my life that I now beg of you,
as the glory of revealing a secret of im-
portance to your preservation, and of
rendering the most valiant nation in the
world immortal. Only leave me one of
my hands at liberty, for the ceremonies
of

‘ of the enchantment : I will give you a
 ‘ proof of its power upon myself in
 ‘ your presence.’ The Indians hearkened
 with avidity to a speech that equally suited
 their warlike disposition, and their incli-
 nations towards the marvellous. After a
 short deliberation, they unloosed one of
 the prisoner’s arms.. The Scotchman re-
 quested, that his broad-sword should be
 given to the most alert and most vigorous
 person in the assembly ; and, laying bare
 his neck, after he had rubbed it over with
 magic signs, and muttered a few inarticu-
 late words, he called out, with a loud
 voice and a chearful air, ‘ Behold ye now,
 ‘ sage Indians, an incontestable evidence of
 ‘ my sincerity. You, warrior, who grasp
 ‘ the instrument of death, strike with your
 ‘ whole force ; you are not only unable to
 ‘ sever my head from my body, but even
 ‘ to pierce the skin of my neck !’ He had
 scarce pronounced these words, when the
 Indian, fetching a most dreadful blow,
 made

made the head of the serjeant fly to the distance of twenty yards. The astonished savages stood immoveable. They looked at the bloody carcase, and then cast their eyes on themselves, as if to reproach one another for their stupid credulity. Admiring, however, the stratagem employed by the stranger to shorten his death, and to avoid the torments that were prepared for him, they granted to his corpse the funeral honours of their country.

Lewis XI. was usually attended by Tristan the hermit, his grand provost, a barbarous minister, and blind to all his master's caprices. Being one day at dinner, he perceived, by the side of a monk, who had the curiosity to see the king dine, a captain of Picardy, whom the monarch detested. He gave a wink to the provost Tristan, who, being accustomed to this kind of language, and thinking that his master wanted to have the monk dispatched,

ed,

ed, had him seized, upon his retiring by the Satellites, who tied him up in a sack, and threw him into the Seine ; this was the method that Tristan used to get rid of those the king chose to destroy. The officer, who observed the sign given by Lewis, and knew his meaning, took horse and escaped with all possible speed. This the king was informed of, and asked Tristan, the next day, Why he had not executed the orders he had given him by the sign ? ‘Sire,’ replied Tristan, ‘our man ‘has got a good way by this time.’ ‘A ‘good way !’ said the king ; ‘he was seen ‘yesterday at Amiens.’ ‘It is a mistake,’ replied Tristan, boldly ; ‘I’ll warrant he ‘is at Rouen, and not at Amiens, if he ‘has been swimming ever since.’ ‘Who ‘do you mean ?’ resumed the monarch. ‘Why the monk,’ answered Tristan, ‘whom you pointed to yesterday : he was ‘immediately tied up in a sack, and thrown ‘into the river.’ ‘How ! the monk !’ said

said Lewis; 'Good God! what hast thou
' done? He was the worthiest monk in my
' whole kingdom. A dozen masses of re-
' quiem must be said for him to-morrow,
' which will clear our consciences. I want-
' ed only to have the Picardy captain dis-
' patched.'

The late Mr. Ralph Allen, who has
been universally honoured with the epi-
thet of *good*, was originally born to no
profession. A fund of good sense, how-
ever, shewed him the most likely methods
of procuring an immense estate; and his
conduct proves the ancient adage, that
'Every man is the maker of his own fortune.'
The cross-posts all over England were of
his contrivance: these he farmed from the
government, and they turned out highly
to his advantage. An estate he purchased
near Bath was bought with equal pru-
dence: it was found to contain a quarry,
from whence the stones for building the
most

most beautiful parts of that town were taken. By this estate he gained such considerable sums, that, though he gave numberless benefactions to the indigent or meritorious, he died worth more than an hundred thousand pounds. It is told of this excellent man, that he once courted a young lady, whose father wanted to drive the match, as it was very advantageous. The young lady, however, was pre-engaged to another lover; which, when Mr. Allen knew, he generously portioned out his mistress from his own fortune, and gave her away himself to his own rival. The honours which so much virtue deserved, were amply recompensed by Mr. Pope, in these fine lines :

‘ Let modest Allen, with ingenuous shame,
 ‘ Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.’

Charles V. emperor of Germany, being eager in the pursuit of a stag, lost his company, and killed the stag two miles from Madrid;

Madrid; when an old country fellow happening to come by with an ass and a load of wood, he offered to give him more than the wood was worth, if he would carry the stag to Madrid; and the countryman merrily answered, 'By the Lord, friend, I believe you are a fool: you see the stag is heavier than the ass and wood together, and yet you would have the poor ass to carry him: it were better that you, who are a lusty fellow, should carry them both.' The emperor was pleased with the reply; and, whilst he waited for his company, fell into discourse with the old man, asking him, How many kings he had known? The peasant answered, 'I have lived under five kings; John, his son Henry, king Ferdinand, king Philip, and this Charles.' 'Which of them, father,' says the emperor, 'was the best, and which the worst?' 'There is no doubt to be made,' replied the old man, 'but Ferdinand was the best; and who

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' the worst, I shan't say : but he we have
 ' now is bad enough ; always rambling to
 ' Italy, Germany, and Flanders, carry-
 ' ing all the money out of Spain ; and
 ' though his revenues are great enough to
 ' conquer the world, yet he is always lay-
 ' ing on new taxes, so that we poor coun-
 ' trymen are quite beggared.' The empe-
 ror, finding the fellow was in earnest, be-
 gan to plead his own cause the best he
 could, without discovering himself, till
 his company came up : when the country-
 man, seeing the respect they shewed him,
 said, ' It were pleasant if it should prove
 ' to be the king ; but had I known it, I
 ' would have said much more.' The
 emperor was so far from being displeased
 with the discourse, that he gave the old
 man a sum of money, and settled a portion
 on his daughter.

Blondiaux was a poet, of whom it is not
 told exactly when he lived or died, other-
 wife

wife than he is found to have been known to Richard I. king of England, who died in 1199. A good French chronicle contains the following anecdote: Richard having had, in the Holy Wars, a quarrel with Leopold duke of Austria, was afraid, at his return home, to pass in his public character through the Austrian dominions, for fear of the duke; or through those of France, for fear of king Philip Augustus; and therefore travelled in disguise. But the duke, being informed of his arrival, seized him, and confined him in a castle, where he remained prisoner, none knowing, for a long time, where he was. King Richard had retained in his service a minstrel, or bard, whose name was Blondel. The bard, missing his master, felt his subsistence cut short, and the happiness of his life very much impaired. He found the account well verified of the king's departure from the Holy Land; but met with none that could tell, with certainty,

certainly whither he was gone, and therefore wandered over many countries to try whether he could find him by any intelligence. It happened, after a considerable time thus spent, that Blondel came to a city near the castle in which king Richard, his master, was confined; and, asking his host to whom it belonged, was told, that it was one of the fortresses of the duke of Austria. Blondel then inquired, Whether there were any prisoners in it? (which was a question he always took some indirect method of introducing), and was answered by his host, that there was one prisoner, who had been there about a year, but that he was not able to tell who he was. Blondel, having received this information, made use of the general reception which minstrels find, to make acquaintance in the castle: but though he was admitted, could never obtain a sight of the prisoner, to know whether he was the king; till one day he placed himself over against a window of
the

the tower where king Richard was kept, and began to sing a French song which they had formerly composed together. When the king heard the song, he knew that the singer was Blondel; and when half of it was sung, he began the other half, and compleated it. Blondel, then knowing the residence and condition of the king his master, went back to England, and related the adventure to the English barons. Richard was soon after released from his captivity, on paying two thirds of one hundred and fifty thousand marks of silver, and giving hostages for the remainder.

While doctor Garth was detained in his chariot one day, in a little street near Covent Garden, by an *embarras*, arising from a bloody battle between two female bruifers, an old woman hobbled out of a cellar, and begged him, for God's sake, to take a look at her poor husband, who was in a mortal bad way; adding, ' I
' know

‘ know you are a sweet-tempered gentleman, as well as a cute doctor, and therefore make bould to ax your advice, for which I shall be obliged to you as long as I live.’ The doctor, whose good nature was really equal to his medical knowledge, instead of being offended at the old woman’s redundant address to him, quitted his chariot immediately, and followed her to her husband; but, finding, by his appearance, that he wanted *food* more than *physic*, and having reason to believe, from the answers they both returned to his questions, that they deserved his charity as much as they excited his compassion, sat down and wrote a draft on his banker for ten pounds.

In the war carried on by Louis XII. of France against the Venetians, the town of Brescia being taken by storm, and abandoned to the soldiers, suffered, for seven days, all the distresses of cruelty and avarice.

rice. No house escaped but where chevalier Bayard was lodged. At his entrance, the mistress, a woman of figure, fell at his feet, and, deeply sobbing, 'Oh! my lord, save my life; save the honours of my daughters.' 'Take courage, madam;' said the chevalier: 'your life, and their honour, shall be secure, while I have life.' The two young ladies, brought from their hiding-place, were presented to him; and the family, thus reunited, bestowed their whole attention on their deliverer. A dangerous wound he had received, gave them opportunity to express their zeal: they employed a notable surgeon; they attended him by turn, day and night; and, when he could bear to be amused, they entertained him with concerts of music. Upon the day fixed for his departure, the mother said to him, 'To your goodness, my lord, we owe our lives, and to you, all that we have belongs by right of war; but we hope from

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‘ your signal benevolence, that this slight
 ‘ tribute will content you,’ [placing upon
 the table an iron coffer full of money].
 ‘ What is the sum,’ said the chevalier.
 ‘ My lord,’ answered she trembling, ‘ no
 ‘ more but two thousand five hundred du-
 ‘ cats, all that we have ; but if more be
 ‘ necessary, we will try our friends.’
 ‘ Madam,’ said he, ‘ I never shall forget
 ‘ your kindness, more precious in my eyes,
 ‘ than a hundred thousand ducats. Take
 ‘ back your money, and depend always on
 ‘ me.’ ‘ My good lord, you kill me, to
 ‘ refuse this small sum : take it only as a
 ‘ mark of your friendship to my family.’
 ‘ Well,’ said he, ‘ since it will oblige you,
 ‘ I take the money ; but give me the satis-
 ‘ faction of bidding adieu to your amiable
 ‘ daughters.’ They came to him with
 looks of regard and affection. ‘ Ladies,’
 said he, ‘ the impression you have made
 ‘ on my heart, will never wear out. What
 ‘ return to make, I know not ; for men of
 ‘ my

‘ my profession are seldom opulent : but,
 ‘ here are two thousand five hundred du-
 ‘ cats, of which the generosity of your
 ‘ mother has given me the disposal. Ac-
 ‘ cept them as a marriage present ; and
 ‘ may your happiness in marriage, be equal
 ‘ to your merit.’ ‘ Flower of chivalry !’
 cried the mother, ‘ may the God who suf-
 ‘ fered death for us, reward you here and
 ‘ hereafter.’

It is remarkable, that the expletive Mr. Pope generally used by way of oath, was, “ God mend me.” Oneday, in a dispute with a hackney-coachman, he used this expression. ‘ Mend you !’ says the coachman : ‘ it would not be half the trouble to make ‘ a new one.’

A merchant of Marseilles having forgot twenty guineas on his counter, which were taken away ; and, as it was suspected, by some person in the family. Having

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made

made all the search possible, without success, he, at length, addressed himself to Laviné, a celebrated magician. The conjuror, according to custom, confidently assured him, that, if the money was gone to Hell itself, he would find means to bring it back. He was to receive a louis d'or for his pains; and, in order to undertake the affair methodically, he requested a list of the names of all the persons in the merchant's family, which was accordingly complied with. He again desired, that all the family, not one excepted, should be present the next day, which was in like manner executed. Laviné accordingly appeared the next morning, bringing under his arm, a black cock, and in his hand, an old book, grown greasy with being thumbed over on these occasions. This book he pretended to be cabalistical, and to contain all the secrets of his art. Upon entering, he asked the merchant, If all the family were present? To which being answered

swered in the affirmative, the conjuror ordered them to be all brought into one room. Opposite this chamber was another, which he kept for himself, to perform his incantations with more solemnity. He now ordered the windows of both chambers to be shut, so as not to admit the least light: after which, he began the incantation with the most incomprehensible solemnity. After this, he informed the merchant, that the thief was actually in the house, and should soon be discovered by the crowing of his cock, which never failed on such occasions. ‘ But, continued he, ‘ I hope, ‘ Sir, you will not be displeased with me, ‘ should the devil carry the thief away with ‘ him. The devil, Sir, is a very thrifty ‘ sort of a gentleman, and will have his ‘ reward; and truly, it is but reasonable ‘ that he should do nothing for nothing.’ All this he said with an air, very proper to impose on the ignorant. After this, unperceived in the dark, he rubbed the cock

with lamp-black, and, calling all the family by their names, he ordered them to approach one after the other in the dark, and lay their hands on the cock's wings, assuring them, that such was his gift, that he would no sooner feel the hand of the thief, than he would discover him by crowing, and the devil would take him bodily away. A servant maid, who was actually guilty, passed by the cock without touching him, imagining that this would save her from the discovery the cock would otherwise make, by crowing. Every one of the family, as they approached, laid their hands on the cock, as conscious of their own innocence, she only excepted; as fearing if she touched him, he would feel her guilty hand, and discover her by crowing. All had passed by, but the cock was still silent, when Laviné, throwing open the windows, desired every one to approach and shew their hands. All, it seems, were blackened but the maid's, when

when Laviné, catching her by the arm, cried out, ‘Here, here is the thief.’ In short, she was so much surprized with his peremptory manner, that she confessed the fact, and restored the money.

The common net in the reign of queen Mary, says Sir Richard Baker, for catching protestants, was, the Real Presence; and this net was employed to catch the lady Elizabeth; for being one day asked what she thought of these words of Christ, ‘This is my body,’ and whether she believed that the true body was in the sacrament? it is said that, after a short pause, she gave the following answer:

- ‘Christ was the word that spake it;
- ‘He took the bread and brake it;
- ‘And what the Word did make it,
- ‘That I believe and take it.’

An answer, which, however slight and superficial in appearance, contains a great deal of good sense and judgement, and

enabled her to escape the snare which was laid for her, and unto which a direct and positive reply would certainly have betrayed her.

It is well known how prevalent the custom is in India of the wives burning themselves after the death of their husbands. One day an Indian woman came to the governor of the town where she lived, and told him, that, as her husband was dead, she hoped he would give her leave to burn herself alive, according to the custom of her country. The governor, who had long endeavoured to discourage these practices, refused to grant her request. ‘How!’ cried the woman, ‘not
 ‘burn myself! Here is a governor for you
 ‘indeed! A poor widow only asks leave
 ‘to burn herself for the good of the public, and she cannot obtain permission to do
 ‘so. My mother, my aunts, and my sisters, all burnt themselves in a *creditable*
manner,

‘*manner*, and here, unfortunate as I am, I
 ‘only civilly desire to do the same, and it
 ‘is denied me!’ A young bonze, who
 was standing by, and pleased with the re-
 solution of the woman, told her, she was
 doing what was agreeable to her Deity,
 and that she would certainly be rewarded
 in the next world, by again meeting her
 husband, and being married to him anew.
 ‘How!’ cried she, ‘meet my husband
 ‘again, and be married anew, to an old,
 ‘jealous man! Burn yourself, if you
 ‘please, I want no such rewards. I was in
 ‘hopes to have made myself celebrated;
 ‘but if that is all the recompence I am to
 ‘have, I might as well stay where I am;
 ‘and therefore, Mr. governor, I beg
 ‘leave to obey your commands.’

The elevation of sentiment that a struggle
 for liberty inspires, is conspicuous in the
 following anecdote: A Corsican being
 condemned to die for an atrocious crime,

his nephew (with deep concern) addressed Paoli in the following terms : ‘ Sir, if you
 ‘ pardon my uncle, his relations will give
 ‘ to the state a thousand zechins, beside
 ‘ furnishing fifty soldiers during the siege
 ‘ of Furiali : let him be banished, and he
 ‘ shall never return.’ Paoli, knowing the
 virtue of the young man, said to him,
 ‘ You are acquainted with the circum-
 ‘ stances of that case : I will consent to a
 ‘ pardon, if you can say, as an honest
 ‘ man, that it will be just or honourable
 ‘ for Corsica.’ The young man, hiding
 his face, burst into tears, saying, ‘ I would
 ‘ not have the honour of our country sold
 ‘ for a thousand zechins.’

Upon the trials of the accomplices in Overbury’s murder, there was one Simon (a servant of Sir Thomas Monson, who was concerned in the murder) examined for carrying a poisoned tart to Sir Thomas Overbury. Being brought into court ; ‘ So,

‘ Simon,’ said the chief justice, ‘ you have
 ‘ had a hand in this poisoning business.’
 ‘ Only a finger, my lord ;’ replied the culprit,
 ‘ and that cost me all my nails and
 ‘ hair.’ He had, it seems, tasted the syrup
 of the tart with his finger, and even that
 small quantity produced these violent
 effects upon his constitution. This ingenu-
 ous answer saved his life ; for it was
 thought he would not have tasted the sy-
 rup, had he known it to be poisoned.

An archbishop of Canterbury, making
 a tour into the country, stopped at an inn
 for refreshment. Being at the window, he
 observed at a distance, in a solitary wood, a
 well-dressed man alone, talking and acting
 a kind of part. The prelate’s curiosity
 was excited to know what the stranger was
 about, and accordingly sent some of his
 servants to observe him, and hear what he
 was rehearsing ; but, bringing him back an
 answer that was not satisfactory, his grace

resolved to go himself. He accordingly repaired to the wood, ordering his attendants to keep at a distance. He addressed the stranger very politely, and was answered with the same civility. A conversation having been once entered into, though not without interruptions by an occasional soliloquy, his grace asked him What he was about? 'I am at play:' he replied. 'At play!' said the prelate; 'and with whom?' 'You are all alone.' 'I own,' said he, 'Sir, you do not perceive my antagonist; but I am playing with G-d!' 'Playing with G-d!' (his lordship thinking the man out of his mind) 'this is a very extraordinary party; and pray what game, Sir, are you playing?' 'At chess, Sir.' The archbishop smiled; but the man seeming peaceable, he was willing to amuse himself with a few more questions. 'And do you play for any thing, Sir?' 'Certainly.' 'You cannot have any great chance, as your adversary must be so
 'superior

‘superior to you.’ ‘He does not take
‘any advantage, but plays merely like a
‘man.’ ‘Pray, Sir, when you win or
‘lose, how do you settle your accounts?’
‘Very exactly and punctually, I promise
‘you.’ ‘Indeed! pray how stands your
‘game?’ The stranger, after muttering
something to himself, said, ‘Why I have
‘just lost it.’ ‘And how much have you
‘lost?’ ‘Fifty guineas.’ ‘That is a
‘great sum? How do you intend paying it,
‘does G-d take your money?’ ‘No, the
‘poor are his treasurers: he always sends
‘some worthy person to receive the debt,
‘and you are at present the purse-bearer.’
Saying this, he pulled out his purse, and
reckoning fifty guineas, he put them into
his grace’s hand, and retired, saying, He
should play no more that day. The pre-
late was quite fascinated: he did not know
what to make of this extraordinary adven-
ture: he viewed the money, found all the
guineas good; recalled what had passed,
and

and began to think there must be something more in this man than he had discovered. However, he continued his journey, and applied the money to the use of the poor, as had been directed. Upon his return, he stopped at the same inn, and, perceiving the same person again in the wood in his former situation, he resolved to have a little further conversation with him, and went alone to the spot where he was. The stranger was a comely man, and the prelate could not help viewing him with a kind of religious veneration, thinking, by this time, that he was inspired to do good in this uncommon manner. The prelate accosted him as an old acquaintance, and familiarly asked him how the chance stood since they had first met? ‘ Sometimes for me, and sometimes against me. I have both lost, and won.’ ‘ And are you at play now?’ ‘ Yes, Sir, we have played several games to-day.’ And who wins?’ ‘ Why, Sir, at present the advantage is on my

' my side; the game is just over; I have a
 ' fine stroke, cheek-mate; there it is.'
 ' And pray, Sir, how much have you
 ' won? ' Five hundred guineas.' ' This
 ' is a handsome sum; but how are you to
 ' be paid?' ' I pay and receive in the
 ' same manner: he always sends some good
 ' rich man, when I win, and you, my
 ' lord, are the person; G-d is remarkably
 ' punctual upon these occasions.' The
 archbishop had received a considerable
 sum that very day; the stranger knew it,
 and, producing a pistol, by way of receipt,
 the prelate found himself under the neces-
 sity of giving up his cash; and, by this
 time, discovered this divine-inspired game-
 ster to be no less than a thief. His lord-
 ship, in the course of his journey, related
 the first part of this adventure; but the
 latter part he took great pains to conceal.

When the late facetious Bonnel Thorn-
 ton was a student at Oxford, having a na-
 tural

tural turn for gaiety, and being a good deal circumscribed in his finances, he was obliged to have recourse to stratagem for ways and means : he had lately had two new suits of clothes, and anticipated his taylor's demands by a fictitious bill, for which, upon remitting it to his father, he received the amount by the return of the post. The sight of so much cash, which he had been unaccustomed to, animated him with an uncommon flow of spirits, which were not to be indulged in scholastic exercises, so that he immediately set out for the capital ; and, having there equipped himself with a bag-wig and sword, he accompanied his dulcinea to the play, in the pit. The second music was scarce finished, before his father came and placed himself in the seat before him ; and, presently turning round, was a good deal startled at seeing a figure that so much resembled his son. ' What, Bonnell ! ' said he, ' are you there ? ' But Bonnell, who knew nothing could

could befriend him upon this occasion but effrontery, resolved to brazen it out, turned to his lady, and chatted with her, not paying any attention to the old gentleman's inquiries. His father was, however, very dissatisfied, notwithstanding Bonnell's disguise, and retired before the play was finished, much chagrined. Upon his return home, he found an intimate friend, to whom he communicated the cause of the mortification he had received, and added, That he would burn his will, and cut such an ungrateful rascal off with a shilling: an unnatural scoundrel, who had publicly disowned his father. Mr. Thornton's friend endeavoured to soften his passion, and dissuade him from so precipitate an act; saying, That he could not possibly think it was Bonnell Mr. Thornton had seen, and that his dress was a proof of the mistake. This, however, did not prevent his persevering in the resolution of destroying his will, till his friend agreed to set out
early

early the next morning for Oxford, and there receive satisfactory intelligence. Bonnell, convinced of his critical situation, set out post for Oxford as soon as the play was finished, and got there time enough to be at morning prayers. His father arrived there with his friend in the evening, and, upon enquiry, finding his son was at college, and had been at prayers that very morning, he returned fully satisfied with Bonnell's filial duty.

Wentworth Dillon, earl of Roscommon, a nobleman more distinguished by his genius, than by his illustrious birth, having been attacked in the night by three ruffians, who designed to assassinate him, was generously defended by an officer, who chanced that instant to pass by. Roscommon, who had escaped the danger he had been exposed to, and full of gratitude for his brave defender, divested himself immediately, in favour of him, of his post
of

of captain of the guards to the lord lieutenant of Ireland.

The following anecdote of the famous Roubiliac, deserves to be recorded : Some years since the above celebrated statuary found a parcel of bank notes in the churchyard of St. Martin in the Fields, to the amount of seven thousand pounds, the property of a Yorkshire gentleman, who advertised a reward of five hundred pounds, in consequence of which, Mr. Roubiliac returned the notes, but generously refused to take the reward, though at that time he was greatly distressed for money. The gentleman, charmed with his behaviour, made him a present of a fine set of plate, and left him one thousand pounds in his will, in case he survived him ; but Mr. Roubiliac dying first, rendered the gentleman's grateful intention of no effect.

The

James II. gained numbers of the Scotch by familiarity : he had long disgusted them by his distance : the change in his manners was owing to an accident. When the duchess of York came first to Scotland, she one day observed three covers upon the dining-table. She asked the duke for whom the third was intended. He answered, For general Dalziel, whom he had asked to dine with him. The duchess refused to permit a private gentleman to sit at table with her. Dalziel, who had been in the Imperial service, entered the room in the mean time ; and, hearing the scruples of the duchess, told her, He had dined at a table where her father had stood at his back ; alluding to the duke of Modena's being a vassal of the emperor. The duchess felt the reproof, and advised her husband not to offend the pride of proud men.

When

When the late Dr. George Berkeley, bishop of Cloyne, entered Trinity college, Dublin, he was soon looked upon as the greatest genius, or the greatest dunce, in the whole university. Those who were but slightly acquainted with him, took him for a fool ; but those who shared his most intimate friendship, looked upon him as a prodigy of learning and good-nature. Whenever he appeared abroad, which was but seldom, he was surrounded by a crowd of the idle or the facetious, who followed him, not to be improved, but to laugh. Of this he frequently complained, but there was no redress : the more he fretted, he became only the more ridiculous. An action of his, however, soon made him more truly ridiculous than before : curiosity leading him one day to see an execution, he returned home pensive and melancholy, and could not forbear reflecting on what he had seen. He desired to know
what

what were the pains and symptoms a malefactor felt upon such an occasion, and communicated to his chum the cause of his strange curiosity ; in short, he resolved to tuck himself up for a trial ; at the same time, desiring his companion to take him down at a signal agreed upon. The companion, whose name was Contarine, was to try the same experiment himself immediately after. Berkeley was accordingly tied up to the cieling, and the chair taken from under his feet ; but soon losing the use of his senses, his companion, it seems, waited a little too long for the signal agreed upon, and our enquirer had like to have been hanged in good earnest ; for, as soon as he was taken down, he fell, senseless and motionless, upon the floor. After some trouble, however, he was brought to himself ; and, observing his band, ‘ Bless my heart, Contarine,’ says he, ‘ you have quite rumped my band.’
 When

When it came to Contarine's turn to go up, he quickly evaded the propofal: the other's danger had quite abated his curiosity.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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